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THE NATION

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The Politics of Anti-Poverty
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California **WHY THE COLLEGES BLEW UP** KINGSLEY WIDMER

BRITTANY: REVOLUTION IN A CEMETERY
MARION MAINWARING

Berryman Without Impudence MICHAEL GOLDMAN

The Month of March JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

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LETTERS

pickets on the long march

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: We write on behalf of the striking professors of San Francisco State College, in whose company we have proudly marched the picket line that commenced on January 6th. . . . We are aware that from that date on we have . . . been accused of being a minority group of opportunists riding on the student turmoil in order to swindle for ourselves such particular gains as reduced teaching loads, higher wages and free parking, along with such generally subversive intentions as power for the local American Federation of Teachers. . .

We do admit to opportunistic action. We saw the opportunity to avoid mass murder on our campus, and we acted on behalf of that opportunity. . . . We saw the opportunity to object effectively to the high-handed appointment of S. I. Hayakawa to the Acting Presidency of our college, and we took it. It is apparent by now to all that Hayakawa . . . is reaping a personal bonanza of TV and radio time, as well as newspaper and magazine space. The general public now knows the name of this instant college president as it would that of a new mentholated cigarette, but it knows nothing of the enormity of the problems the college faces.

They are not the problems of San Francisco State College alone. The chaos here is exportable. Every tax-supported urban college in the country is vulnerable to it. And through our present struggle here all such institutions can foresee whether they will go the way of Hayakawa and of repressive governmental powers that will mix politics with education, or gain an inch in the long march for meaningful faculty and student voice in faculty and student affairs.

The vast majority of the striking faculty has no other source of income than its teaching salary. One month of that is already sacrificed . . . But as of now there is no foreseeable end to the strike. The ability of the striking faculty to carry on in its cause is dependent on money to pay the rent and buy the food. All money raised by the striking teachers is to be shared with the culinary workers, the library assistants, and those of the clerical staff and student workers who, in support of the strike, have left their campus jobs.

We shall be grateful if you will forward such contributions as you can make, and as soon as you can, to: American Federation of Teachers, Local 1352, 4097 19th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif., 94132. Please make checks payable to AFT, Local 1352. *Kay Boyle, Leo Litwak Ray B. West, Jr., Herbert Wilner*

Gruening in Boston

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Massachusetts Political Action for Peace will be honoring Senator Gruening at a testimonial dinner in Boston on March 7. . . . Besides Senator Gruening, the speakers at the dinner will be Sen. Harold Hughes of Iowa, I.F. Stone, Sam Brown, who was the National Youth Coordinator for the McCarthy campaign, and Canon James Breeden, who is a black priest and on the Commission on Race in the Massachusetts Council of Churches. Tickets are available through Massachusetts Political Action for Peace, 44 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Martin Peretz

goals and tactics

El Paso, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: Smith Simpson ["Diplomats in Disarry"; *The Nation*, Feb. 3] predicts a decay in the decision making of

(Continued on page 244)

EDITORIALS

Angry Voices, Harsh Words

It has been a wretched season in "Fun City." The embittered dispute over "decentralization" and community control of the schools has precipitated a flood of harsh language and mutual recrimination. And not alone in New York. In other cities, the angry name calling has echoed. Propelled by passion, words have been used in reckless disregard of their meaning and of the consequences that attach to certain terms and phrases in current settings and situations. Now, fortunately, a realization is spreading that the time for language therapy has arrived; spokesmen for various groups are being urged to lower their voices and watch their language. This is a sound first step. While group tensions are not "caused" by words, in times like these name calling can be disastrous.

It is true that many individuals who could fairly and accurately be described as "racists" watch their language and never give public expression to their private views on racial issues; the polite, well-mannered, powerfully placed bigot is a familiar type. But now, when dialogue is needed as never before, words take on special importance. In many communities abusive language is substituted for communication. Indeed, in some situations ugly words are being used to disrupt or prevent communication. In these instances, epithets are employed not to relieve anger, or to say anything, but as tactical weapons. For example, in certain ghetto communities rival groups of black militants are competing for control of unstable constituencies. In settings of this kind, violent language is nowadays used by some groups to isolate the black community—that is, to keep whites out—and at the same time in the hope that verbal violence may be taken as the true measure of militancy. In some cases, although it is clear that the angry voices do not intend to incite physical violence, the action often gets out of hand. Flamboyant language directed by a spokesman for one group against another can provoke a retort in kind which not only embitters relations between them but alienates groups not directly involved. In some instances, *some* blacks, without perhaps being fully aware of the consequences, have used language that could be interpreted as a bid for support by anti-Semites in the white community. And *some* whites are no doubt quite willing that Jews should be made scapegoats for every imposition and harassment against which blacks must contend.

What is needed is not merely a moratorium on abuse—although that would be a boon—but the validation of serious discourse about real problems. Verbal violence may be less disastrous than race riots, but there comes a time when abuse must give way to genuine talk, aimed at forging a political movement strong enough to bring about changes in all the relationships that handicap racial and other minorities—blacks, Indians, Mexican Americans and others.

It would be one thing if the society showed no movement at all in this direction. But change is occurring—not fast enough, not in enough significant areas—but it is

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apparent and it should be accelerated. Half measures, palliatives, sociological soothing syrups, temporary pressure relievers hawked like aspirin tablets, public relations gimmicks, magic words and phrases are of no avail. Similarly futile is appeasing unrest by automatically granting every demand, no matter how unworkable or regressive, out of a feeling of guilt and in the vain hope of achieving "peace." Massive political pressure for social change must be initiated at every level and sustained without interruption for as long as may be necessary. All those, of whatever races and groups, who believe in a multi-racial democracy must insist that their views be heard and heeded. The aggravation of group relations that has occurred since 1965 has been caused as much by their default as by any single factor. It is now their move.

The Missile Pause

It is all to the good that Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird has announced a temporary halt in the Sentinel missile defense system. However, rejoicing would be premature. For one thing, the standstill is only of the token variety. Research, development and some manufacturing have not been interrupted—the "halt" affects only clearing operations on the proposed Boston site and perhaps some others. The public, therefore, should not relax or conclude that the whole fantastic project has been sidetracked. Even less should the public conclude that the Pentagon is at long last on the defensive to such a degree that military spending can be curtailed.

Mr. Laird is no lion tamer when it comes to keeping the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Pentagon's industrial beneficiaries under control. When Bernard Nossiter asserted in *The Washington Post* (January 26) that the highest profits in the aerospace industry seem to accrue to the poorest performers, and analyzed thirteen aircraft and missile systems built at a cost of $40 billion, Laird called the *Post* in an effort to stifle further criticism. He argued that public discussion of unreliable weapons could weaken American negotiators in the forthcoming arms-reduction talks with the Soviet Union.

As we noted editorially in the issue of February 17, the Senate's recent coolness toward Sentinel is largely the result of indignant mail from constituents. But public reaction is spasmodic and undependable, because it is largely set off by personal apprehension or distaste. Much of the steam against Sentinel has been coming from suburban communities that didn't like the idea of nuclear monstrosities squatting in their backyards. Essentially the same thing happened some years ago, when the shelter mania was high on the agenda—the citizens began to protest against a hairbrained military scheme when it impinged on them directly.

The Pentagon might have got away with its Sentinel scheme if it had sited the installations out in the boondocks, but this would have interfered with the development of the system to really impressive dimensions. It started as a $5 billion "thin" defense against primitive Red Chinese missiles consisting of a single warhead atop the rocket. These were to be brought down by long-range (about 400 miles) Spartan anti-missile missiles

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—a Chinese ICBM headed for Washington, say, being brought down over Chicago. But if the Chinese resorted to all sorts of decoys, or multiple warheads, or other ingenious designs still in embryo, there would be no guarantee that Spartan, though equipped with a 2-megaton warhead (2 million tons TNT equivalent), would stop all the incoming missiles. Secondary defense would have to rely on relatively small (10 kiloton—equivalent to 10,000 tons of TNT) defense missiles with a range of only about 50 miles, and these would necessarily have to be sited close to the target city. An advantage of this duplex system, from the viewpoint of the military-industrial complex, is that it would cost something more than $10 billion, thus making it worth while for the generals, bankers, executives, scientists, engineers and workmen charged with bringing the system into being. Later, when deployed against the Soviets, such a system might cost $40 billion or more.

These present and future Sentinel features are known to but few citizens, and would not be known to them if Sen. John Sherman Cooper had not been apprised betimes by his legislative aide, William G. Miller, a former Foreign Service officer. Even when the facts are thus uncovered, only a few newspapers in the whole country will give the story much of a play.

What is needed, then, is some continuing mechanism by which citizens, as taxpayers, consumers and possible victims of the nuclear holocaust, can be given technologically sound advice about the defense budget. This might take the form of an independent institute for the critical study of proposed defense outlays, backed by foundation grants, with a sizable staff of scientists and engineers, and the right kind of names as trustees. Such a body could alert the electorate, politicians, journalists, et al., to the menace to national security which constantly emanates from the very sources that are supposed to enhance that security.

The Misuse of Science

Scientists are citizens too, and some of them are starting to behave like citizens as well as scientists. The germ of an organization to ride herd on the Pentagon can be discerned in the "research stoppage" planned at M.I.T. and other universities for March 4. As described in *Science* (January 24), a group of professors and graduate students have scheduled a voluntary work halt to focus attention on "the misuse of scientific and technical knowledge [and how] it presents a major threat to the existence of mankind." Instead of getting on with their research, these men of science will discuss problems and possible ways for scientists to initiate political action. Sen. George McGovern will speak at M.I.T. on reconverting the U.S. economy from defense to domestic production. Prof. Hans Bethe of Cornell, a Nobel laureate, will discuss the anti-missile missile. Prof. Noam Chomsky will speak on the responsibility of the intellectual. There will be panels on the world food crisis, urban problems, and finding jobs for young scientists and engineers outside defense industry. At Yale, Cornell and other schools, psychologists are joining with physicists in the research stoppage. The original call for the protest was signed by forty-seven M.I.T. faculty members including the heads of three departments—B. Magasanik (biology), J. Ross (chemistry) and V. Weiskouf (physics).

Although Vietnam has played a catalytic role, the aims of this group are of far wider scope. They want to turn research away from the present overemphasis on military technology and toward the solution of pressing environmental and social problems; to interest students in devoting themselves to bringing the benefits of science and technology to mankind; and to expose "ill-advised and hazardous projects," such as the missile "defense" system.

At M.I.T. separate faculty and student committees have been formed. The student group is called Science Action Coordinating Committee, the faculty group is the Union of Concerned Scientists. This bifurcation can be an advantage, since the students may wish to do some things the faculty cannot do or may not want to do. Although the whole movement is only in the nascent stage, it is impelled by sound thinking and may have widespread influence.

The M.I.T. movement is not the first of its kind. In their several ways, the Society for Social Responsibility in Science and the Federation of American Scientists have been active for many years. At the recent meeting of the American Physicial Society in New York the chief excitement centered upon proposals for participation in social issues. A particularly striking example of social thinking came last year from a citadel of the military industrial complex. At a meeting commemorating the 150th anniversary of the founding of the New York Academy of Sciences, Dr. Simon Ramo cited as one mark of our failure to control our technology that we have developed a system to provide pure air for an astronaut on the moon, but seem incapable of doing as much for the inhabitants of our cities. Dr. Ramo is closely associated with the development of the American ICBM. When a scientist-engineer of his prominence criticizes the country's technology, something significant is beginning to stir.

'A Sticky Situation'

To Washington spokesmen the latest flare-up over West Berlin is merely "a sticky situation" and will not lead to another major East-West confrontation. That it is sticky is evident. The Soviets and East Germans have announced that travel permits—land and rail—will not be issued to the 1,000 or more delegates who will be traveling to West Berlin for the Presidential election on March 5. Presumably they will have to be flown in, a "sticky" if not exactly serious nuisance. It is also a bit "sticky" that President Nixon, with full knowledge of the West German election plans, and the likely East German-Soviet reaction, decided to visit the city on February 27.

The President *had* to visit West Berlin. Ritual requires it: every new President must visit Berlin, there to receive the predictable "thunderous" reception from a million or more West Berliners made "deliriously happy" by his presence. This is the stuff of which good television shots are made, even if the scenes somewhat lack spontaneity. Such visits are said to boost the morale of the West Berliners, but a fair inference would be that their prime purpose is to brighten the President's image. By now the jaded

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and unhappy residents of West Berlin must be bored with command performances. If President Nixon runs into some flak on this visit, it will be because his advisers needlessly exposed him to it.

But more important, why did the West Germans feel that the election had to be held in West Berlin? Perhaps to make a point. But the point had been made in 1954, 1959 and 1964. The decision to hold the election in West Berlin, we are told, was "not made at the highest level." But that, too, is a bit "sticky"; for one thing, the allied powers had been consulted.

As to the timing, the Soviets had recently made "a serious effort" (David Binder, *The New York Times*, February 10) to negotiate several issues with the West Germans, including an attempt to get Bonn's signature on the nonproliferation treaty. Recent Soviet notes had "exuded reasonableness." This, then, was hardly the time to bait them—unless, of course, accommodation was not to the West German taste.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Binder reports that *some* West Germans and allied officials, "at intermediate levels," had sought to shift the election to Bonn, but were told that the announcement of President Nixon's visit precluded such action. So everyone, more or less, is locked into "a sticky situation," which might easily have been avoided. Mr. Binder gives all parties bad marks for inept "crisis management," but this is a case not of the mismanagement of a crisis but of the manufacture of one.

Josephine Herbst

Over the long and active span of her life as a critic and reporter, Josephine Herbst participated in the great social movements of the period and reported on them with grace, honesty and consummate humanity. She was involved in many of the vital publications: *Transition, Smart Set, New Masses, The Nation.* Her reporting was distinguished by a rare combination of stylistic simplicity and radical commitment to a human view, and she remained true to her own tone over the decades. She was also well known in the thirties as a novelist, but none of the novels she wrote then is now in print, and her essays have never been collected in a book. *New Green World: John Bartram and the Early Naturalists* (1954), is the only Josephine Herbst book in print. This failure of appreciation will surely be righted in time.

What she has left behind, in addition to her early work, is a correspondence of great interest and—what may well be the crowning achievement of her life—a memoir on which she had been working up to the time of her death. Excerpts from this work published in *The Noble Savage* and *New American Review* have aroused wide enthusiasm, and it will undoubtedly appear soon in book form.

For *The Nation* Miss Herbst reported from Germany on the underground anti-Hitler movement in the thirties and from the front lines of the Spanish Civil War. Thirty years later she still displayed the same passionate concern, writing in *The Nation* on July 25, 1966: "The Spanish Civil War was a profound personal experience for me and I am hopelessly biased. It was also a period of exposure. Exposure can be merciless and when it is we can gain the most valuable sort of understanding there is to be had. Then we are forced to examine what we believe about ourselves and our experience, our justifications of our institutions, our practices and conduct." In the fifties, in one of her most eloquent essays, "The Ruins of Memory" (*The Nation*, April 14, 1956), she salvaged the thirties from the destructive views of the cold-war critics: "In a period of demoralization and terror it was no bad thing to try to act, however mistakenly or inadequately, as the conscience of the age." In the same essay she said: "It takes a true writer to show us what has been missing in our lives." She was that kind of true writer.

Brittany: Revolution in a Cemetery

MARION MAINWARING
Miss Mainwaring, who divides her time between Europe and America, was the foreign research editor for The Adams Papers. *Her translation of Turgenev's short novels will be published in the spring by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

Paris

Not long after he announced his forthcoming visit to Brittany, President de Gaulle received a letter from the Comité d'Emigration Bretonne. It called on him to choose between two alternatives: "Either to order the French occupation troops to evacuate Breton territory; *or* to resume observance of the conditions of the Treaty of 1532—that is, to *reconstitute the sovereign Breton assembly* . . . and restore to it *all the powers stipulated in the treaty*," powers amounting to "administrative, legal, fiscal and customs autonomy."

"You see," cried "Caerléon," the Breton leader who showed me a copy of this diplomatic note, "our position is luminously clear! That letter was written by a doctor of laws. France has no case. French presence on Breton soil is foreign occupation. Brittany was settled by Celts from Britain and was independent from the fifth century till the French forced union on us in 1532. Even then, the treaty of peace guaranteed political autonomy. In 1789 it was unilaterally annulled by France—whereupon we declared that action, and all acts of the French National Assembly affecting Brittany, null and void.

"That treaty of 1532 is the sole basis of France's claim! As to the marriage of Anne of Brittany with Charles VII in 1491, the French forced that on her—it was a rape, and her earlier marriage by proxy to Maximilian of Austria is the only one we recognize.

"France has crushed our institutions, but we have re-

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sisted the Revolution, the Restoration, the Empires, the Republics. Our movement today is nothing new. Brittany is a country in a permanent state of revolution."

Breton nationalism has long been regarded by outsiders as a picturesque part of the French Establishment, an opera set of menhirs, Druids, fisherwomen and Celtic twilight, with alien touches of *Passport to Pimlico*. Even the *plastique* bombs of the Front de Libération de la Bretagne (FLB) have been shrugged off indulgently by the public, if not by the authorities. Today, the sentiment is different. On the one hand, there is a growing expectation that the government will make some real concessions to regionalist demands; on the other hand, the police have been jailing persons suspected of FLB activity.

What is Breton nationalism, beyond being the overt expression of a sense of otherness? I have talked with two leaders of the movement, Alan Al Louarn and Ronan Caoussin or "Caerléon." Louarn lives in the pleasant airy city of Rennes. The "Bézedach" ("BZH" for "Breizh" or Brittany) is chalked up on walls; old women go to the supermarket wearing the traditional stiff white lace *coiffe*; university students lunch on crepes that are griddled on a hearth whose black and white tiles form the Breton flag —ermines and stripes. "The flag is rather recent, 1923-24," says Louarn; "the symbolism is plain. The five black stripes are for our five provinces." (The fifth of these, the "province" of Loire-Atlantique, is considered part of Brittany only by the nationalists.)

Louarn works in a dilapidated 18th-century house in the Place des Lices, near the old Halles. A sign across the façade proclaims that here is the Mouvement pour l'Organisation de la Bretagne. Louarn's office is warmed by a wood fire; a slip of paper tacked up by the chimney points a penciled arrow at the smoldering logs, with the gallant conceit: "The Breton Movement rises from its ashes." The room is chock-full of Breton flags, Breton musical recordings, tourist souvenirs, framed 19th-century photographs, mostly of clerics. There are car stickers, the flag, the Bézedach, and—"This one is a little more clandestine, take this one," said Louarn, handing me a "Celtic sign" or triskel. Above all, there are papers, files, books, newspapers, magazines and hundreds of little mimeographed leaflets. The office is the "Information Center" of the movement, and Louarn is its director.

"One finds information here," he said, "on Ireland—Scotland—Cornwall—the Isle of Man—the Jura—Val d'Aoste—the Occitans [those natives of southern France who speak *langue d'oc*]. All the minorities, whether they be European or extra-European. All . . . ? No; that is impossible. But all who send us their materials. We have just this morning received *L'Ecosse Nouvelle*, and here I've just received the *Journal Basque*. We are always *en rapport* with the Basques. We are *en rapport* with all the minorities! That doesn't mean that we are necessarily in agreement with them all. For example we can very well have, over there, you see, materials from a minority like the Arabs, and on the other side of the room, from Israel.

"And Quebec, of course. Our principle is to claim for Brittany the same status as Quebec. De Gaulle calls for a *Québec libre*; well, in refusing us a *Bretagne libre* he is not very consistent! But we have many allies among the French minorities: Normans, Alsatians, Basques, Occitans. We are the strongest minority—the most numerous, and with a well-defined territory. We try to keep in touch with all the organizations which demand liberation. The American Indians: we are not directly *en rapport* with them, but our delegation in Quebec is in contact with them.

"You see, our structure is not like the French. The French system is a star; everything radiates from one center. We have one ray going out: a ray goes out from that, others from that—perhaps yet others from some of them. There is endless ramification. It is not at all the Jacobin system; quite the contrary. It has perhaps certain disadvantages, but it is ours. It is very Celtic.

"Every cell, every sector, has its own radiation. There are an extraordinary number of different and specialized Breton movements. The traditionalist movement concerns itself with ancient history, with recalling historical events. Then the economic movement, which concerns itself with Breton production in the world markets, with transport, with the material organization of the country—there are several organizations like that. Then the cultural organizations concern themselves especially with questions of Celtic civilization and language; you have a whole series of *folklorique* groups devoted to dance, music, arts. And there are several political organizations; certain ones are purely socialistic, others entirely nationalistic.

"And you have, furthermore, the organizations which are preparing for a Breton state. A sort of 'shadow cabinet' [Louarn used the English term] which covers all the structures. If tomorrow, for example, by some strange circumstance, we were to assume responsibility for the life of the Breton community, there are people ready to take the places of the present establishment. We, or certain organizations, know who would be in the place of the prefect, of the archbishop, of the chief of police. Again, you have the army group, which anticipates the Breton *force de frappe*. You have some small implementation of every sector of life—religious, political, military, economic.

"That is not to say that everything is ready; one must go gently. But there are persons who are readying themselves for responsibility, and who work every day, every free hour, to prepare the Breton state.

"A new group is *Sao Breizh*—that is to say, Brittany, Arise! (These posters read '*Sav*,' but actually '*Sao*' is a better spelling.) It attracts many young people. In fact, our movement has *especially* young people, and they are the ones we especially seek. We have many links with the students. As for the professors . . . it is better not to go into our links with the professors; it might cause them trouble. We are in touch with some.

"Today there are young people who have been brought up in the Breton idea, in families interested in the movement. But we who became interested before the war had first of all to destroy our own education and to contract another. We were alone. We had to teach ourselves Breton. Even today only a very few of our schools teach Breton; it is not well supported by the authorities.

"Probably the commandos of the FLB are young; but we ourselves don't know who are in the commando army.

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You can understand that the boys who carry out military operations, who *plastiquent*, when they come in here they don't tell us what they've done! One may suspect, one may or may not believe—but one does not *know*. It must be so. Absolutely. The police would come, and everybody would be interrogated—in one month, ten months. Therefore, no information!

"We have a *modus vivendi* with the French police. I am known to them, and certain others are known. We live in correct relations with the police; we aren't on bad terms. But it is a question of prudence."

Breton culture, above all language, is one of the two fields of major interest for the nationalists. France, they say, is guilty of "cultural genocide, genocide by absorption." They demand that Breton be recognized as the, or an, official language, and that the language and literature be taught at all levels. Linguistic kinship is the basis of the "Celtic League," though the League's dreams are political: if its wishes were fulfillled, Northern Ireland would be annexed by Eire; and Eire, Alba (Scotland), Cymru (Wales), Kernow (Cornwall) and Mannin (Isle of Man), as well as Breizh, would be autonomous states in a Federation of Europe—each the peer of dismembered France and England.

The other great area of grievance is suggested by a glossary in a little news sheet. Some Breton words, the editor notes, are not yet familiar; and he gives the Breton for: *economy, bureaucrat, oil tanker, oppression, underdevelopment, tourism* and *colony*.

Brittany's economic predicament is generally acknowledged. The nationalist interpretation may be melodramatic ("France deliberately keeps us in a state of chronic economic underdevelopment, colonial in its nature") and all the problems may not be peculiar to the region. But there is substance to many nationalist assertions. Breton farmers *are* poor, though they work hard. Factories in Brittany *are* closing down, without being replaced by new ones, though throughout the country Breton workmen are highly regarded. Tourism is *not* what it could be. Communications *are* poor. (Roads are inadequate, but in any case Brittany is "boxed off" as, say, New England is boxed off; and furthermore is cursed by a mountain which "forces north and south apart like a knife in the claw of a lobster.") There is what U.S. sociologists call massive out-migration: "deportation," the Bretons call it. Young people, seeing no future at home, "emigrate" to other parts of France and above all to Paris. Old people come home to die. It has been said that Britttany is becoming a "*cimitière des elephants.*" A French rejoinder to this is that it is at least a cemetery with a lot of elephant calves playing about in it, the Breton birth rate being well above the national average.

The Triskel

Proposed economic solutions vary, of course. One group wants a reconstituted Breton States-General to "undo the French laws that favor big business and prevent development of small or new ones." Another, the new Sao Breizh, rejecting "capitalist neo-liberalism, as well as every form of exploitation or oppression of one group by another," would have cooperatives in agriculture, self-management in business and industry. There is widespread agreement that Breton interests are different from those of "Rhine-axised" France and the Common Market, that Brittany should make its own tariff and trade arrangements, particularly with England, and that if Brest were developed into a great port, Brittany would be the "advance post of Europe, facing the New World."

During our conversations in Rennes, Alan Louarn urged me repeatedly to talk with the very important Ronan Caoussin, known as "Caerléon," historian of the movement, author of *Complots pour une République Bretonne* (Editions de la Table Ronde, 1967), who lives in the outskirts of Paris.

A few days later I did meet Caerléon, in a *brasserie* near the Gare Montparnasse. He was identifiable not only by the copy of *Complots* which, by prearrangement, he carried, but by a tendency to look over his shoulder. "I am known," he told me immediately. "Whenever I go into Brittany I am followed by the French police, and after any *plastiqué* there are policemen outside my house."

Like Louarn, he is intense, enthusiastic and single-minded; he talked very fast, in a low voice, stroking his beard, and added generously to my collection of photographs and leaflets.

"Regionalism? All right in its way—it is a breach in Jacobin centralization. We want autonomy: not separation, not independence, but autonomy in a federated Europe. Holland is no more important than Brittany! We have the same territorial and maritime possibilities. If only de Gaulle had begun federation with Algeria, made Algeria a province! But he preferred to ruin the empire to save the Republic. About Quebec, he is not consistent.

"Our young people even envisage, if it is necessary in years to come, making Brittany a nation like Ireland. They are only a minority, but it is the minority that makes a revolution."

Asked if there is much support for regionalist or separatist programs among Bretons in general, apart from those in the various organizations, Caerléon sighed:

"The Breton people *follow* very badly. They are influenced by government propaganda. They are a people

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The Christian Science Monitor

who are chloroformed, depersonalized, and who have lost all national consciousness. The peasant knows he is condemned to leave his country because agriculture isn't flourishing, but he does not know who is responsible. He knows the evil exists, but not where it comes from. Or the peasant believes in the cause but doesn't believe change is possible.

"And the Church: before the war the clergy were for Brittany; today they are not. I am a Catholic, and I am a great friend of the clergy. I know them well, and I am their friend. But the bishops are at orders of the prefects. The Breton movement is sliding toward the left, and so the clergy are against it. The new Celtic church will be like the Anglican—Catholic but not Roman. I defend it, because it resists the *Francisation* of Brittany by the Church.

"Still, we are strong! Though we lack funds—the movement never has money—we are strong. In 1944 people believed the movement was over, so many were in prison, fled, or doing forced labor. But today I believe Breton nationalism is as strong as it was before the war."

The war! The unsavory aspect of Breton nationalism is its record of collaboration with the Nazis—or rather the attitude of many nationalists today toward that record.

"It is a page that has been turned," says Caerléon. But no one can forget it, if only because of the Breton, Yann Goulot. In 1944 Goulot was condemned to death, *in absentia,* for collaboration. He lives in Ireland, and from there, so he says, directs the FLB and the Breton movement in general. It was he who signed an "Appeal" to the United Nations on behalf of Brittany in 1969; he is reported to have offered a "truce" during de Gaulle's visit. He has a flair for publicity, and foreign papers tend to take him at his own valuation.

His true importance is hard to gauge, as so much is hard to gauge in the Book-of-Kells convolutions of the "movement." The news sheet *Douar Brèizh* (Mur-de-Bretagne) printed on the first page of its first number (December 1968) what purported to be a categorical statement by the FLB that "it has never authorized the famous Dublin Committee to act as its correspondent and that it disagrees with the declarations of the said committee. M. Yann Goulot speaks only for himself. Information, to be worthy of belief, must come either from Brittany or from Breton Emigration in Paris."

Both Louarn and Caerléon brought up Goulot's name. "Bretons," said Caerléon, "would never tolerate any totalitarian regime, Communist or Nazi. They are temperamentally Socialists—and, as an old leader said, 'Socialists who will have their Matins in the morning and their Angelus in the evening.' Goulot personally was Socialist and Christian, not National Socialist; and we have in our band the Bretons who were allies of the French. Take Ned Urvoas —he was in the Allied forces, a war correspondent, a delegate from the Free French for all Brittany. And he is a chief of the Breton European Federalist movement. And the Commandos of the FLB are young people who don't know the war and cannot be considered pro-Nazi. They tend to be of the Left, not of the Right."

Thousands of Bretons were in the French army or the Resistance, said Louarn; only a handful fought for the Germans. Journalists have confused an innocent youth group which Goulot ran, the "Bagadou Stourm," with the "Formation Perrot" of Bretons who wore the *Wehrmacht* uniform. Goulot himself, however, in his "Appeal," speaks proudly of this latter unit, which "fought with the Germans against France, the common enemy"; and the comment on it in *Complots* is that it "engaged in open warfare at the side of Germany against France, thus forcing history to register the Breton fact."

Indeed, collaboration seems to be regretted more because it now hurts the nationalist image than because it was deplorable in itself. "The nationalists," Caerléon explained, "have one sole objective: the liberty of their people. Those who played the German hand marked world history with an undeniable Breton fact. To save Brittany from a conspiracy of silence, they even accepted the risk of defeat. They tried to collaborate with the Germans when there was no longer any French Government or army, in order to establish a Breton state—but it was already too late.

"For," he went on bitterly, "Von Ribbentrop was Francophile! He failed to support a Breton state. He did not want to do what displeased the Vichy government: he wanted to collaborate with Vichy. Brittany was sacrificed to France in the Accord de Montoire."

The ability of the extreme nationalists to see the world outside only as it impinges on their cause gives their version of history a curious two-dimensional quality. According to *Complots*, the abortive plot against Hitler's life was significant because its leader was "the nephew of Von Stauffenberg, who took a personal interest in the attempted Breton *coup d'état* of 1940!" The liberation of Europe meant "only the return of the French occupiers to Brittany. One principle, the principle of minority rights,

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excellent in itself, has been cultivated in isolation until, like the patience of patient Griselda, it has become grotesque; consistency as well as objectivity suffers.

"The Bretons," Caerléon continued, "were accused of treason to France. But they could not commit treason to France, because they did not consider themselves French." But loyalty is not left to the individual conscience, for a little later he informed me, apropos the "shadow cabinet," that "there are also even secret tribunals which at the chosen moment will judge the traitors toward Brittany."

Most Bretons, of course, have a milder vision of the future, more modest expectations; they would simply like to have somewhat more say about their own affairs—which they do stubbornly feel to be their own. But the professional nationalists find it useful, even when working toward moderate objectives, to allude to the threat of violence and extremism. Speaking for the Mouvement pour l'Organisation de la Bretagne, Alan Louarn says: "I believe what it would be very important to say in America is this, that the Bretons at present, while hoping perhaps for a little something from the new French policy, do not count on the good will of Paris. One does not expect that the adversary will give you an opportunity to do what you want! So the Bretons are creating for themselves their own organizations—like the Irish with Sinn Fein."

THE POLITICS OF ANTI-POVERTY

ROGER H. DAVIDSON

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The Nixon Administration is hard at work trying to de-escalate the two Great Society wars that have become increasingly irritating and inconvenient for professional politicians. They are the war in Vietnam and the "war on poverty," which may prove to be the more tenacious.

The focal point of current debate on poverty is the five-year-old Economic Opportunity Act, heralded by President Johnson as "a total war on poverty." The law, and the Office of Economic Opportunity which administers key portions of it, has proved a magnet for controversy from the very beginning. The agency's resources and powers never justified the total-war label, since it spends less than 10c of the federal anti-poverty dollar. Yet OEO has been under continued attack—by politicians as too troublesome, by militants as too tame, by liberals as too cheap, by conservatives as too expensive.

What principally makes OEO the butt of controversy is its frank commitment to "community action," which has come to mean mobilizing the poor into an effective political force which will reshape public institutions and services. As OEO's former director, Sargent Shriver, once put it, the agency's mission is "to serve the poor, to speak for the poor, to marshal America's resources on behalf of the poor." The mission has not been an unqualified success. The poor lack skills and resources to engage in middle-class modes of influence, and encouraging them to participate has been a frustrating business. When achieved, this participation has inevitably raised (in the words of one Congressman) "ugly problems of the political establishment."

Broadly speaking, there are three stratagems for aiding the poor. One is to provide traditional services—job training, some medical care, etc.—designed and administered by professionals. A more radical solution is to redistribute incomes through some such massive commitment as family allowances or negative income tax. The third strategy is to encourage the poor to speak for themselves, on the assumption that they will use their political power to obtain economic and social parity. It is this last objective which characterizes the community action phase of OEO's work. OEO has waged war not on poverty but on the indifference which surrounds poverty—the apathy of the affluent and the passivity of the impoverished. Like all self-knowledge, the process has been painful. "Since the poor have become less invisible, for we know they are there," writes Michael Harrington, "the society has become even more guilty; now it knows its callousness."

Few Washington observers would gamble much on OEO's future. The two-year renewal granted by Congress late in 1967 runs out on June 31; Bertrand M. Harding, OEO's capable acting director, has been asked to stay on in a caretaker role. A post-election task force headed by Richard Nathan has urged "spin-off" of some OEO programs to old-line departments and agencies, and even President Johnson in his farewell State of the Union message invited Congress "to improve the administration of the poverty program by reorganizing portions of it and transferring them to other agencies." Such spin-offs would not necessarily prove fatal to OEO's mission, though they would certainly impair its budgetary leverage. What is at stake, however, is the very notion that the federal government should support the evolution of the poor into a political clientele.

The new Administration is obviously eager to discover ways to remove the political liabilities from anti-poverty programs, and the suggested solutions range from the popular Community Development Corporations to the negative income tax. Meanwhile, an open season has been declared on community action, with new scandals promising to add fire to the controversy. These attacks now include (in case anyone has yet to be told) Daniel Patrick Moynihan's new book, *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*. An early Great Society dropout and a respected ur-

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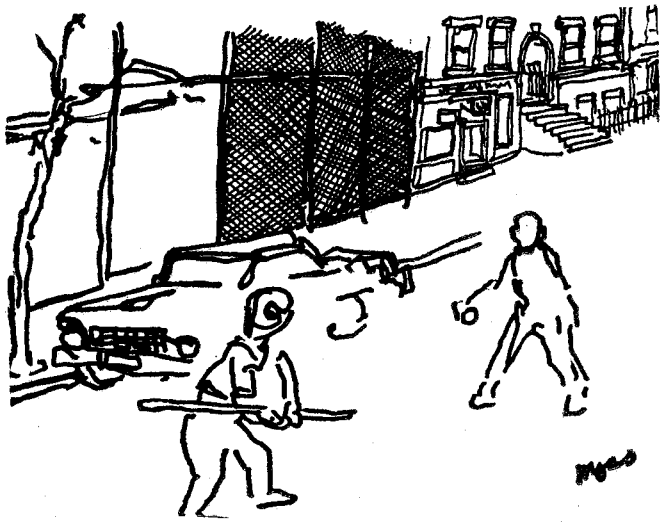

banologist, Moynihan has the singular distinction—not lost on the press—of having helped draft the Economic Opportunity Act in 1964, and now of working in the White House to plan new urban programs for President Nixon. Moynihan can always be counted on to stir the liberal establishment, and his book has already produced a flurry of protest; but it adds credence to the feeling that community action, not to mention OEO, is in for another bad year.

Moynihan argues that the war on poverty cruelly misled the poor by promising them political muscle rather than jobs or income. His interest in family allowances, in particular, stems from his deep concern for family structure in the ghetto—a concern that is no doubt traceable to his Irish orthodoxy and his fascination with the experience of earlier waves of immigrants. But the crux of his position —and the factor which makes him so useful to the Administration—is his attack on the political component in the war on poverty.

In fact, to assume that OEO's demise would de-escalate the political conflict inherent in anti-poverty programs is itself a feat of maximum feasible misunderstanding. If OEO is scuttled, the conflict inherent in anti-poverty politics will not subside with it; and community action by any other name will still be community action. However unique OEO's mission, it was not the product of a few misguided social theoreticians or overzealous administrators. It is an integral part of the crisis in which we all find ourselves, and to understand the full measure of the predicament, one must recall the OEO experience.

Just before President Kennedy's assassination, White House advisers were looking around for new ideas which could be packaged into an anti-poverty bill. A small task force from the Council of Economic Advisers and the Budget Bureau canvassed each federal agency for ideas, and was dismayed by what turned up. Most of the agencies simply grabbed the chance to push for pet projects, some of which were already stalled on Capitol Hill. President Kennedy's aides were hampered by the fact that economists and practitioners were just beginning to rediscover poverty; tested ways of fighting it were not available in 1963 or 1964.

One proposal, however, attracted the White House planners (by now Johnson had become President). Staff members of the President's Commission on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime suggested funding local community action agencies (CAAs) which would draw up their own plans for fighting poverty. The idea was ridiculously (and deceptively) simple: it respected local prerogatives, and it solved several sticky problems. If new plans were hard to come by, the Community Action Program (CAP) neatly by-passed the dilemma: the federal government would simply hold out "a pot of money," and local people would bid for it. The Budget Bureau, always eager to shore up administrative lines and save a few dollars, saw CAP as a way of coordinating welfare spending at the local level. Only the Juvenile Delinquency people, it appears in retrospect, sensed how radical the idea really could be. Theoretical writings on the sociology of juvenile delinquency—particularly the work of Richard A. Cloward and Lloyd E. Ohlin of Columbia University —were propounding the view that reform must come, not by rehabilitating the slum-dwelling delinquent but by altering the opportunity structure of the slums. Practical work of the Ford Foundation's "Gray Areas" program (headed by Paul N. Yivisaker) and by the Juvenile Delinquency Commission was therefore directed at community reform rather than individual rehabilitation.

While Moynihan details much of this background in his account of the origins of the Act, it is important to remember that few planners in 1964, when Sargent Shriver's Task Force drafted the final legislation, understood the implications of the community action provisions in the Act's Title II. Congress displayed even less comprehension than the executive planners, and Title II became law almost without change.

As defined in the 1964 law, "community action programs" means (to quote the key phrases) a program which "mobilizes and utilizes resources, public or private, of any . . . geographical area . . . in an attack on poverty," and which "is developed, conducted, and administered with the maximum feasible participation of the residents of the areas and members of the groups served. . . ." Almost any effort to reduce poverty can be funded through CAP. Projects have included preschool and remedial education, legal aid, recreation, health services and neighborhood centers. And, of course, federal money was usually required to create the CAAs and keep them running—the only proviso being that at least 20 per cent of the budget be raised locally.

Several questions had to be resolved when the CAP section of the Act was set in action. First, how would CAAs relate to existing community institutions—including city and county governments, school systems and welfare agencies? Second, what was the meaning of "maximum feasible participation"? Underlying these was the deeper question of how much local control would be *politically* feasible in a federally funded program. The questions were intertwined, and they were pre-eminently political. "Community action has given everyone a problem from the beginning," observed Rep. Sam Gibbons (D., Fla.), floor manager of the 1966 anti-poverty bill—in what must rank as a supreme understatement.

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Some legislators and local officials have always been uneasy about CAP's relations to local government. "What scares me," said Rep. Roman Pucinski, an organization Democrat from Chicago, "[is] a tendency to by-pass . . . elected officials . . . to set up . . . so-called nonprofit private organizations which have become somewhat notorious as empire builders. . . ." Democratic mayors like Richard J. Daley of Chicago and Robert F. Wagner of New York contended that CAAs should be run by city governments; Republican Mayor William F. Walsh of Syracuse went so far as to say, "If we could not have direct control of the program we would not want it." Still the hunger for federal money overrode any doubts, and the Act as passed retained its original flexibility.

Spurred by federal funds, more than 1,000 CAAs sprang up throughout the country. Most were private nonprofit agencies—umbrella groups composed of influential citizens, welfare professionals and spokesmen for the "target populations"—designed to finance actual field projects. Because CAAs could embrace "any geographical area," they traversed political boundaries with ease: some were essentially ghetto organizations, others paralleled municipal boundaries, still others (especially in rural areas) ranged over multi-county areas. Relations with "local power structure" (to use the emerging phrase) were as varied as the organizations themselves.

The first operating grants had no more than gone out, however, when the cry of "by-passing City Hall" began to show political urgency. The central event was the battle over political registration in Syracuse. In February, 1965, OEO funded an experimental political-action training program, sponsored by Syracuse University, to train political organizers and instigate field work in slum areas. To Republican Mayor Walsh the program looked suspiciously like a drive to register Democratic voters—about 2,500 of them. By mid-1965 several influential Democratic mayors were having similar trouble with CAAs and, led by Mayor Daley, they stormed into Washington to confer with Vice President Humphrey, who assured them he would instruct OEO on the facts of life.

Thus ambushed, Shriver saw little choice but to make peace with City Hall. Militants and pragmatists in the ranks of his advisers had been at loggerheads from the start; now the militants began to depart and the agency came increasingly under the influence of old Washington hands. The Syracuse grant was terminated and its militants instructed to work through the Mayor's Crusade for Opportunity, the local CAA. Détentes were reached in Chicago, Newark and other cities, and in early 1966 it was revealed that OEO was giving numerous mayors an informal veto over CAP projects. The Conference of Mayors, which had agitated for City Hall control of CAAs, now became one of OEO's staunchest allies.

While relations with local politicians improved markedly after 1966, CAP continued to be politically vulnerable. John Kenneth Galbraith once observed that "*whenever* you spend money on behalf of the poor you get into trouble." Certainly community action was scandal prone. Home-town CAA recruits were unfamiliar with federal fiscal practices and often became hopelessly mired in funding irregularities; some questionable programs were undertaken—a racist theatre group in Harlem, Black Power classes in Tennessee; and some activities were simply misinterpreted, as when a local training officer who purchased surplus gun sights to use for microscopes was accused of providing arms for the poor. Moreover, it was impossible for the CAAs to be effective without putting *some* prominent citizen's nose out of joint: consumer education inevitably stirs up landlords and merchants, and neighborhood workers necessarily flirt with political activism in performing their duties.

Congressional harassment of OEO therefore persisted long after the agency had made its peace with local officialdom. In the fall of 1967, Congress petulantly voted to exclude OEO employees from a general salary increase for government workers, then refused the usual continuing resolution permitting OEO to operate at the previous year's budget level pending new authorization. For two weeks, OEO was literally without funds and had to discontinue expiring projects. That Congress had misread the national situation became apparent when CAA clienteles—including many local politicians—raised a cry about imperiled programs, among them many of the popular Head Start projects. Before it adjourned, Congress funded OEO for two more years and passed an amendment giving local governments authority to designate CAA organizations. Sponsored by OEO's unpredictable critic, Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.), the provision was dubbed the "bosses and boll-weevil" amendment because both big city and Southern Democrats could support the bill, on the assumption that local prerogatives would henceforth be protected.

Little has changed under the Green amendment, a fact that confirms how adroitly the bulk of CAAs have handled their relations with City Hall. Of the 1,012 CAAs now in existence, only thirty-four (less than 4 per cent) were run by public agencies before 1967. Under the Green amendment, another twenty-five are being taken over by public agencies. Some 94 per cent remain private nonprofit organizations.

In point of fact, the formal status of CAAs is not the best measure of their relations with "local influentials." Typically, CAAs were formed by a mayor's committee or a coalition of traditional welfare officials; and the Green amendment now requires that up to one-third of the seats on CAA governing boards be allocated to elected or appointive public officials. Sometimes a mayor exerts a firm hand, as with Chicago's Committee for Urban Opportunity; sometimes—as in Oakland, and at one time Syracuse and San Francisco—the CAA coexists with local authorities in a state of high tension. But in between lies a vast majority of CAAs which have reached a workable accommodation with old-line politicians and welfarists.

The charge that community action has been unrelentingly hostile to local government is a hangover from OEO's first year or so, when the agency's militant faction was in its heyday. Even then, the lurid tales of "war on City Hall" were at best true of only a few of the 1,012 CAAs. Syracuse was such a battleground, as were some activities of New York's Mobilization for Youth. Moyni-

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han bases his criticisms on these two areas—hardly what social scientists would call a valid sample.

The more frequent criticism of OEO today is quite the opposite: that it knuckled under too readily to political pressures, that it too quickly retreated from its mission of (to borrow a phrase from Saul Alinsky) "rubbing raw the sores of discontent." Some of these critics, professing that extremism in the defense of the disadvantaged is no vice, would measure OEO's success precisely by the number of sores it rubs.

That OEO is subject to such diametrically opposed evaluation is evidence of the tightrope the agency has walked in the past five years. Being, after all, a product of public largess, OEO had to come to terms with established institutions, without whose experience and political influence the war on poverty would have ended long ago. As one OEO evaluation put it, the agency has pursued "a limited form of pressure and antagonism [which is] preferable to extremes of vehement antagonism or docility."

It is here that OEO's second great dilemma—involvement of the poor in decision making—becomes germane. The Economic Opportunity Act speaks not of the poor

but of "residents of the areas and the groups served." Nor does it say the poor should run anti-poverty programs; its words, if anyone can forget them, are "maximum feasible participation"—an expression which, like "all deliberate speed," encourages diverse interpretations. As with CAP itself, there was no consensus within OEO as to what it required.

Again OEO was torn between powerful forces. Mayors and welfare professionals maintained, in the words of Nashville's Mayor, that "you can't have unqualified people running good programs." Radical militants defined participation as control. OEO as usual had to chart an unpopular middle course. "We have no intention," Shriver said, "of letting any one group, even the poor themselves, run the programs. That's not *community* action."

The law could be honored without having a single low-income person on the local CAA board, and at first CAP loans failed to specify criteria for including the poor in decision making. OEO then began sponsoring local elections for target-area representation on CAA boards. In the first year of CAP about a dozen cities held such elections, but turn-outs were disappointing; voter participation ranged from a low of 1 per cent to a high of 5 per cent of those eligible. Lacking middle-class habits of political involvement, lacking issues or party labels or inspiring candidates, taught by experience that the ballot box is no remedy, the poor were not prepared to go to the polls in force. Involvement could not be achieved overnight.

Working from another angle, OEO began to require informally that at least a third of the members of local CAA boards be poor people or their representatives. OEO was somewhat reluctant to stipulate guidelines; inflexible requirements would smell like dictation from Washington and would foredoom some CAAs in the South. But failure to maintain these standards would expose OEO to charges of "welfare colonialism." The issue was settled when Congress wrote the one-third rule into the 1966 amendments to the law.

To lay a groundwork for long-term participation, however, OEO had to rely on the programs themselves. Activists in and out of the agency tried to push CAP into funding projects that would encourage political education, but these often rebounded. Good locally initiated plans being hard to come by, and many being politically risky, CAP has increasingly backed safe, popular "national-emphasis" programs like Head Start. But more subtle devices were geared to the same objective: lobbying for a voice for the poor in policy making; funding projects—such as legal aid, neighborhood centers, or consumer education—which produce skills needed for participation; and hiring and upgrading the poor in CAA operations.

Thus CAP has helped create a large cadre of disadvantaged citizens who are educated in their rights and knowledgeable about techniques of influence. In assessing the first two years of CAP's experience, William C. Selover, a close journalistic observer, found that in the forty cities he surveyed "poor people . . . have gained a foothold in running many local anti-poverty programs." Nor is the full legacy of CAP limited to the program itself: many poor people who received their initial civic education in CAAs later "graduated" to a host of action groups.

It is not easy to evaluate OEO's success in organizing the poor. Five years is a short span, and the full dividends—or deficits—of OEO's work will not be known for some time. Moreover, social scientists have yet to develop precise yardsticks for the political impact of programs. Finally, it is next to impossible to relate CAP to the broad political movements of the 1960s, including the rise and demise of the civil rights movement, the upsurge of Black Power, and the ghetto riots.

Moynihan purports to find a conjunction between community action and urban unrest—although the first riots, in Moynihan's home city of New York, flared up before the federal programs were operating. "The seven-year span that had seen the establishment of Community Action programs in over one thousand American cities," he writes, ". . . had witnessed also a rise of internal conflict and violence that in truth was without precedent in American experience." No direct causal linkage of the two facts is warranted, and one wonders what other observer would attribute so much punch to OEO.

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OEO officials, despite their past reputation for glowing press agentry, are circumspect in evaluating CAP's influence for institutional change. A recent internal memorandum describing some preliminary findings concludes that "CAP is not a powerhouse, but it is not insignificant." Based on assessments by observers in forty-seven sample locales, the study found favorable developments in almost all cities; in nearly two-thirds of the cases, CAAs played some role. This evidence hardly implicates OEO in urban riots; given the limitations of publicly funded efforts, it does permit the modest conclusion that OEO has been a useful catalytic agent.

The experience of the war on poverty, or at least the community action phase of it, should not be overlooked by President Nixon's poverty planners. The basic lesson is certainly that political action is an inevitable component or consequence of all anti-poverty programs. Any attempt to aid the poor raises fundamental issues of citizenship and political influence. Localized control of programs—to the extent that the local representatives in Washington will allow it—reinforces rather than removes this political content.

A case in point is the Community Self-Determination bill. Under this scheme, target-area residents would buy shares in Community Development Corporations, which in turn would run subsidiary businesses and administer social services. The federal government would underwrite the CDCs, first by purchasing nonvoting stock, then by tax incentives and perhaps supplemental grants. The plan is complicated, and there is reason to question its economic feasibility. But, probably because it is untried, it is enormously popular—thirty-four Senators and forty-eight Representatives of both parties supported it in the 90th Congress, and President Nixon has endorsed it. Not only does the CDC idea (often linked with "black capitalism") appear to remove the politics from anti-poverty programs; it offers instead the orthodox image of the poor helping themselves by becoming capitalists. But if the CDCs are really permitted to be indigenous institutions, they will inevitably become involved in community action. They will then pose the same problems in their relations with local governments, welfare professionals and politicians as have the CAAs.

Whatever the virtues of local control, the history of CAP shows that politicians—conservative no less than liberal—do not dare to permit it. Their instincts are not necessarily wrong, but they are frequently misdirected. There is too much mythologizing of "grass-roots democracy," when in fact local control has often meant the institutionalization of local prejudices. If as a general proposition we are prepared to give social services back to local groups, are we prepared to choose between Mayor Daley and the Blackstone Rangers? And are we able to require that either, or both, meet certain standards in doing their own thing with federal money? As a supplier of capital and the protector of rights, the federal government cannot and should not remain wholly neutral; it must determine to whom the money shall go, and under what terms. Despite inevitable repercussions from all sides, tough political decisions must continue to be made about what the society can or cannot support.

Anti-poverty politics cannot be purged from anti-poverty programs. Nixon's planners, no less messianic in their own way than the Shriver warriors of 1964, seem determined to avoid discordant politics, buy off the discontents, and turn the angry rioters into middle-class capitalists. But the history of OEO shows how visionary such hopes are. By all the omens, the fighting will get a lot hotter before the war is won.

CALIFORNIA

WHY THE COLLEGES BLEW UP

KINGSLEY WIDMER
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La Jolla

The campus revolts of recent months cannot be understood as just one more wave of student rebelliousness, though the world-wide movement sets some of the temper and style. Nor can the militancy in the California State Colleges system be adequately explained by ethnic minority problems, though they are real and often ignite the disruptions. Something much larger, including the revealed illegitimacy of contemporary authority, informs the rebellions. And something quite specific, including the state of California's ambitious program to give a mediocre and stratified higher education to almost everyone, raises new currents of insurrection.

Endemic discontents in the California State Colleges reached an insurrectionary stage in the fall of 1968. In November, some thousands of students at San Francisco State College went on strike. They were led by ethnic minority groups protesting the autocratic suspension of a black English instructor (who was also a Black Panther minister) and demanding an ambitious black and brown counter-racist program. In early January, some hundreds of faculty, partly organized into a union and angered by the attempted suppression of the student strike as well as by their own grievances, created a parallel strike which closed down about three-quarters of campus activity. Hundreds of professors are in the process of being fired and hundreds of students have been arrested.

A little later, an unsuccessful sympathy strike at San Jose State College resulted in the firing of twenty-eight professors. Protests, disruptions, violence and mass ar-

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rests, often organized around Afro-American and Mexican-American demands, repeatedly occurred on other campuses, one of them being San Fernando Valley State College in suburban Los Angeles. Student rallies and black ultimatums, faculty picketing and brief strikes, took place on at least nine other campuses. While protests similar in style but usually of lesser duration also occurred at universities and local junior colleges, there seem to be especially good reasons for the recent state college furors. These upheavals also uncover more general problems of American institutional containment.

The California State College system, with nineteen campuses, 10,000 professors and more than 200,000 students, has swollen into one of the largest academic bureaucracies in the world. Grubby sibling of the prestigious University of California (which has nine campuses, half the total enrollment, but about two and a half times as much money per student), the state colleges generously exist to provide free academic preparation for much of the lower-middle class. With a mixture of good intentions, social blindness and ambitious political manipulation, California established in the early 1960s a Master Plan of Higher Education which structured social class differences, and hence bigotry and other repressions, into a three-tiered system of public academic institutions. Before that, the University of California had accepted students from the arbitrarily defined "top one-third" of native high school graduates. But the rapid expansion of the technocratic and status education provided by the university was felt by many powerful people to be both expensive and vaguely threatening.

The university, with self-interested encouragement from private higher education and other tax-fearful and prudent groups, compromised its expansion in exchange for buttery treatment. Its cream became the top 12.5 per cent, the milky remainder of the top third being poured into the state colleges, those incoherent jumbles of semi-liberal arts programs, trade training centers and former "normal schools." This autocratic but inefficient system was intended to provide white middle-class education at less than half the per-student university expense to the state. And even the underclasses were to receive benevolent, if cut-rate, academic inculcation. The social and cultural minorities, who largely and necessarily fall within the "lower two-thirds" of graduates from the middle class and competitive and authoritarian high schools, were to be skimmed into the lowest tier—those fancied-up super high schools, the local two-year "community colleges." But something started curdling.

By a strange but usually unquestioned logic, the California Master Plan not only re-enforced social and racial class differences but provided the least funding and concern for those students and social groups who needed the most. Effort and quality in higher education were roughly proportionate to privilege in the society, not to need and potential. Resentment, frequently displaced against "trouble-making" students and professors, became widespread. Investigations were launched, appropriations for higher education cut, bond issues for university and college expansion defeated: bumbling rant against the campuses became stock political oratory. Actually, the stratified system operates confusedly, which may be its major virtue. As I learned by teaching at both the main campus of the university and at one of the largest of the state colleges (a procedure usually forbidden in California by an elaborate educational snobbery), much of the most incompetent teaching and nastiest anti-intellectual bureaucratization is to be found in the university. Nevertheless, many of the negative effects of class-stratified education continue to be pervasive.

At present, they bear most heavily on the state colleges, which have not only been legislated into second-rate education but also seem most vulnerable to economic reprisal and ideological attack by pressure groups and state officials. Though rightists also assault the university, it retains some considerable autonomy because of its traditional status and its service to, and partial funding by, the national technostructure and the military. The junior colleges are under local control and retain some petty autonomy, though hardly anyone takes them seriously as more than custodial institutions. The state colleges carry on the main work of technical training and indoctrination for submissive service in the middle ranges of corporate and state hierarchies. Thus the righteous control.

To those who know them, California's State Colleges seem not as bad as they should, and might well, be. Yet being neither quite academic halls nor entirely custodial playpens, their half-benevolent confusions encourage dissatisfaction rather than gratitude. In the state colleges, mediocrity is the end as well as the rule. A mean and muddled bureaucracy, chronically short of everything from mimeograph paper to auditoriums, and constitutionally unable to treat professors and students in the university style for which they yearn (registration is always a hassle, sabbaticals are rare, programming is uncertain, procedure is usually slow and petty), manages in the end to irritate everyone.

And now the minorities are the most irritated of all. Newly self-conscious black and brown students constitute disproportionately small numbers in the state colleges. For example, before the master plan took effect, San Francisco State apparently enrolled about 11 per cent ethnic minority students, which was somewhat below the community proportion. Now it enrolls about 3 per cent. The blacks and browns recognize the structural bigotry in institutions, which don't merit much respect anyway; and so they angrily demand change and more change.

The intellectual faculty, which takes a similar stand, is another small minority. These heterogeneous colleges

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carry heavy ballast against internal reform, including a large anti-intellectual emphasis upon schools of education, business administration, industrial arts and other sub-academic services which, in programs and faculty and students, encourage protective imitation of universities of a generation ago and a fearful academic conservatism. The state colleges also systematically perpetuate resistance to change by recruiting faculty only at the bottom, and by a civil service stylization (minus legal tenure). Because of inefficiency and a very rapid expansion, however, the colleges failed to screen out an intellectual minority which now germinates discontent. One can almost sympathize with the super janitors who run the colleges: knowing that the system intentionally excluded intellectual ferment and social experimentation and academic quality, they are perplexed as to what the dissident faculty and students are doing within their institutions. In the state colleges, as so often in America, intermittent freedom and quality result not from official purpose and order but from inefficiencies and contradictions.

In the early sixties, the minority faculty in the state colleges slowly started to unionize. They now constitute a College Council of the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) with sixteen locals and a membership a bit less than 20 per cent of the system's faculty. Committed to activism in deliberate contrast to the ineffectively genteel American Association of University Professors, to the servile state employee organizations, and to the pedantic professional associations, the union deviates considerably from usual professorial attitudes. The membership, rather weighted with the younger and often more intellectually active faculty in the social sciences and humanities, certainly does not reflect the stock personnel of the system. Now, in two colleges (and threatening in several others), the unionized professors have done the really exceptional and gone on strike.

Striking college professors seem to arouse even more discomfort in the citizenry than striking police and priests. To the stolid, including a majority of colleagues, dissident professors may be indulged in their oddities of intellectual criticism and moral gesture only if they do not flaunt them in the everyday world. It is strange, for a picket line of professors shuts down very little. Much of the better education at striking San Francisco State continued outside the classrooms.

At first, the union emphasized the traditional issues: salary, teaching load, leaves and, adopting the not altogether appropriate industrial model, "collective bargaining." That last was a moderate demand for the rule of law within the institutions, of mutually binding regulations mutually agreed upon, rather than the continued arbitrary rule of men (administrators, trustees and the congenitally intruding California politicians). But the extremity of events partly took over: the reduction of pay by trustee fiat in the middle of the year (senior ranks in all colleges); the censorship from the top of art exhibits and theatre productions (Long Beach State and Fullerton State); the autocratic suspension or dismissal of faculty (San Francisco State and Fresno State); and, most recently, the firing of ostensibly tenured professors for striking (San Jose State and San Francisco State). Other troubles have included the state's drastic reduction of funding in spite of overcrowding, frequent attempts at reprisals against the "liberal bias" in the colleges, and the generally authoritarian and unresponsive businessmen-trustees and bureaucrats who admit little faculty or student prerogative. Under these conditions, "collective bargaining" becomes, uncertainly, wistfully, something larger; a demand for autonomy, for self-government, for faculty-student power, for major change. Further pushed by student radicalism and its repression, the union's bread-and-butter concerns have expanded into social and political issues. Then, quite without precedent in America, the *faculty* strike at San Francisco State (and the grievances elsewhere) formally insists that radical student demands "must be resolved and implementation assured."

That stand smacks of political syndicalism, but the

Pat Fink

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vagueness also indicates the unionized professor's uncertainty. The college locals somewhat embarrassedly obscure the radicalism. (For example, at San Diego State College I wrote two versions of our official—and officially ignored—grievances: one, for campus distribution, emphasized student demands and social and educational change; the other used the more narrow union jargon of "job security" and "working conditions," and was designed to elicit support from the outside and strike sanctions from the local labor council.) What claimed to be a rather traditional union of public employees took on some tones of political syndicalism, just as what had been student rebellions became more fully rationalized student-faculty insurrections. This shift has not yet occurred in other American institutions. Finally, the refusal of any negotiation by the paternalistic authorities has probably raised the collective purpose of the dissenting beyond what can be bargained for in this society.

The shrewder officials recognize that the current insurrections inherently push beyond employee grievances and youthful rebelliousness. Almost everyone in official power, even the ostensibly "liberal," resists control of the community of scholars by, as well as for, that community, and blames all problems on the blacks, the SDS militants and the now radical-intellectual seeming union. The organized blacks persist in their demands to set the standards of admission for minorities, which means redefining the educational class structure. And they insist on self-determining power over their rather synthetic ethnic studies schools and black (or brown) studies departments. The unionized professors more euphemistically demand faculty "due process," college "autonomy" and procedures which would reduce the administrators to their proper functions as hired help and the wealthy businessmen-trustees to a committee of liaison with the financing legislature. Apparently those in power sense that all these student and faculty demands might ultimately lead to communal control in the institutions, and lead to more direct democracy in the offices and factories and streets of America.

The party of order in California takes up the challenge in vehement style. Gov. Ronald Reagan regularly and righteously makes large ideological pronouncements about the campuses, avoiding the more usual American politics of accommodation by insisting that there will be "no compromise," not even any "negotiations," with the insurgent students and professors. One can easily mock Reagan's theatrical rhetoric, his cosmeticized face and mind, as when he denounces the rebels as "anarchists" and "Fascists" (in the same sentence) and declares that he will "maintain education in California" at "the point of a bayonet." However, he knows what, and whom, he serves. In the quaint diction now characteristic of American authoritarianism, Reagan repeats to great applause his slogan that "higher education is not a right but a privilege." This is social nonsense, given the current American piety about formal education (and its ritualistic necessity for jobs, social place and even personal identity), but it has the real meaning that the economically privileged shall keep full power over education and withdraw its access from the socially and politically unsubmissive. Inevitably, then, the insurrections in the colleges become part of a larger ideological struggle.

Reagan's smugly manipulative straw boss of the state colleges, Chancellor Glen Dumke, denounces the "trouble-making few faculty who cause the problems." The Governor's shrewdly clownish chief cop at San Francisco State, Acting President S. I. Hayakawa, alternates denunciations of the "handful" of striking professors who "read such magazines as . . . *The Nation* and encourage students in their alienation," and projective vituperation against the "Nazism" of a "little minority of revolutionary students out to destroy society." These educationist brothers in arms of the notorious State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Max Rafferty (who also sits on the State College Board of Trustees), distort the facts as well as ignore the basic issues. Disinterested estimates indicate that about 40 per cent of the 900 faculty and a probable plurality of the 18,000 students at San Francisco State provided significant support for the strike in January. However, these officials may ultimately be right in their simple political arithmetic. Insurgent professors and students run a course which probably assumes an impossible degree of support. Exacerbated circumstances at San Francisco State, including violent repression of the students' strike and the crass failure of traditional academic liberalism to show any relevance to such provocations as faculty firings, temporarily allowed militancy a major role. But the gritty realities of the state colleges and their rightist officials, and a generally hostile and misinformed public, suggest that students and faculty cannot really achieve the radicalization which the logic of their efforts requires.

Against the odds of massive police force, intransigent officials and public antagonism, insurrection requires a mystique to carry on the arduous struggle. That explains much of the style of the rebellious movements everywhere, including the pure disruptiveness and overcooked rhetoric. What continues to justify the dissidents may be seen in the very harshness of the authorities. Further sanction comes from the now evident contradiction between the rhetoric of generously offering higher education to vast numbers and the reality of arbitrarily reducing it by outmoded bookkeeping, class stratifications, ideological impositions and autocratic control and force. A half-benevolent order loses all legitimacy. While the programs and ideas of the insurrectionists often appear appallingly thin, change in itself becomes the goal. Against the prevailing meaningless power, change promises to liberate energy, to transform fatuous order, to affirm life itself. In their desperate hopefulness, the rebels may also reveal the failures of a dubious education and a dreary middle-class life style.

The hard-shelled system of bureaucratic indoctrination called higher education would like to expel its irritants, its minorities of black militants and Yippy-ized dissidents and radical intellectuals. Reaganism would probably like sooner or later to chance a showdown, betting on warped populist support by an "outraged public" and its ability to manipulate the myth of a "silent majority" opposed to all humane change. The aim would be a final reduction of such dangerously mixed systems as the California colleges and universities to tamed custodial institu-

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tions, and the freezing of large sections of society into repressive mediocrity.

But rightism may also get by with concessions to the minorities, and some further process of attrition against other dissidents and against autonomous education. The very differences of style between insurgent students and professors suggest the method for splitting, and thus containing, the protest. Surely broad conditions and consciousness for truly radical changes do not yet exist. Even very well-intentioned people express "grave doubts" that higher education provides the proper place, and that this is the proper time—is there ever one?—for the social experimentation required for the institutions to relate meaningfully to the underclasses, and to give real quality and liberation to mass higher education. An expansive higher educational system which promises much but performs by heightening the old class and caste restraints, and enforces a new mediocrity and repression, generates hardly answerable discontents. Reasonably moderate men offer few alternatives, in or out of the colleges, to an arbitrary and increasingly illegitimate social order. Insurrection in the California state college system, including political syndicalism among the faculty and the demands for a community of change among the students, points to radical possibilities. That is why it is so bitterly fought, but no one can be sanguine about the probable results.

THE NEW FEMINISTS

JO FREEMAN

Miss Freeman, a free-lance writer and photographer, is currently compiling a book of readings on the women's liberation movement.

Chicago

When the Nineteenth Amendment became part of the Constitution on August 26, 1920, the nation thought it had washed its hands of "this woman business." Almost fifty years later the granddaughters of those suffragettes are declaring that the business is unfinished. Consciousness that women are still second-class citizens has been growing at least since President Kennedy established the Commission on the Status of Women in 1961. Created at the urging of Esther Peterson of the Women's Bureau and Eleanor Roosevelt, the commission in its short life came out with several reports documenting just how thoroughly women are still denied many rights and opportunities. A citizen's advisory council and fifty state commissions continue to gather such information.

Data from the Department of Labor outline the present situation: One-third of all women work and one-third of all workers are women, but women are disproportionately concentrated in the underpaid and menial jobs. As a result, the median income of white women employed full time is lower than that of Negro men employed full time. Needless to say, the median income of black women, discriminated against for both race and sex, is lower still. This situation prevails although the median education of both groups of women is higher than that of their male counterparts. Their unemployment rate is also higher.

Even within the same occupations, the median income of women employees runs 50 to 60 per cent that of men. Only twenty-five states have laws that dictate equal pay for equal work, and these are not vigorously enforced. Lower pay for women is justified by the general belief that theirs is a luxury income, which supplements that of their husbands. Yet 35 per cent of all women of marriageable age are not married, and Department of Labor studies show that, married or not, most women who work do so from economic necessity. In fact, more than one-fifth of the 65 million women in this country, aged 16 and over, live in poverty. Ten per cent of the nation's families are headed by a woman, but 40 per cent of the families classified as poor have female heads.

The wage situation is exacerbated by the fact that forty-three states limit the number of hours a woman can work—generally to eight per day. Passed at the turn of the century in an attempt to curb sweatshop exploitation, this "protective" legislation prevents women from earning overtime pay or from promotion to jobs in which overtime is likely. As Governor Rockefeller remarked in a speech last year, the laws are "more often protective of men."

These economic facts of life have for a long time been softened by the belief that "things are getting better." But in reality, while the percentage of women in the labor force increases steadily, the gap between the incomes of full-time men and women workers has been widening at the rate of .5 per cent a year for at least fifteen years.

According to Mary Keyserling, former director of the Women's Bureau, "occupationally, women are relatively more disadvantaged today than they were twenty-five years ago. In 1940 they held 45 per cent of all professional and technical positions. Currently they hold only 37 per cent. This deterioration has occurred despite the increase in women's share of total employment over the same period and the rising number of women who enroll in and graduate from institutions of higher education."

For fifteen to twenty years after women were given the vote their participation in every field expanded rapidly. Then, in the late thirties and forties the reaction set in and the era of the "feminine mystique" began. This course parallels the experience of the black man after the passage of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments: Negroes enjoyed a wide expansion of opportunities during Reconstruction; then the imposition of Jim Crow laws created a new form of slavery.

And like the Negro, women have once again begun to revolt. Two major feminist organizations have formed within the last two and a half years. In 1966, the National Organization for Women (NOW) was created under the

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slogan, "full equality for women in truly equal partnership with men." It is a top-down structure with an office in Washington. Its some 2,500 members are primarily career women, women whose families are grown and no longer occupy most of their time, and some sympathetic men.

The second feminist group is not exactly an organization, but a loose confederation of about seventy-five "sister chapters" spread across most of the United States and Canada. It has no national structure but does mail a newsletter from Chicago. The groups attract primarily young, white, college-educated, middle-class women. Many have been involved in the various social-action projects of recent years and women in different cities, largely unknown to one another, had met quietly for months to analyze their perpetual secondary roles in what has become known as "the Movement." About a year ago they discovered one another and since then their ranks have been growing at a rapid clip.

These feminists call themselves "radical women" and call the new surge of feminism the "women's liberation movement." They object to the term "the woman question" on the ground that the only question is that of women's liberation. (For brevity, I shall refer to the groups as the Women's Liberation Front (WLF.)

According to the WLF, liberation goes far beyond gaining more rights. It is dedicated to a total restructuring of society, much as is the New Left, and is not content simply to integrate women into male-defined goals and values. And it is adamant that any new society must destroy the social definition of women as sex objects whose major function is the care and maintenance of men and their children.

The WLF bars men from membership and meetings, and in general ignores them. Like the Black Power movement, from which it draws many ideas, it feels that women must run their own show. The ban on men is also tactical, since radical women have learned that female discussions are more open and honest when there are no males about.

With a few extreme exceptions, the women are not separatists, but they do see men as agents of an exploitative society and feel that women must organize for their own liberation. As one militant put it, "Men will not liberate women; women must free themselves. They have waited too long as it is. Now the largest minority group is getting angry. Women are tired of working for everyone's liberation except their own."

When the WLF held its first national conference last fall, bringing together almost 200 women from twenty states and Canada on less than a month's notice, the first thing it did was ask the press to report none of the proceedings. Despite this scorn of publicity, the WLF has grown rapidly by taking advantage of the infrastructure that has been built up by the civil rights and student movements, the underground press and the free universities. To date it has been largely underground, but in the last few months has begun to emerge into sight. Radical women have joined with NOW members to boycott the Colgate-Palmolive company for its discriminatory employment practices; they picketed *The New York Times* until it "desexigated" its want ads. The WLF disrupted the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, demonstrated at a tea given by Mrs. Nixon before the inauguration, and has given headaches to almost all New Left organizations by refusing to continue to do the bulk of their flunky work. It was also one of the sponsors of the three-day First National Conference on Abortion Laws which began in Chicago on Valentine's Day.

One offshoot has been WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), a women's guerrilla theatre group which extols the "evil" qualities of women. WITCH made its first appearance last Halloween when a coven (thirteen) danced down Wall Street in full costume to hex the financiers. The stock market dropped five points the next day, and WITCH has been expanding its activities ever since. Its other major targets have been the University of Chicago Sociology Department and the Chicago Transit Authority. A national assault on the Playboy Clubs is planned.

Only a few radical women are involved in WITCH, but it exemplifies the style of the new movement. Partially because it is dealing with more subtle forms of discrimination than Jim Crow laws and partially because typical protest tactics are seen as rather shopworn, the WLF prefers flashy actions. It likes to do what it calls "violating the reality structure" by parodying the typical sex roles. More ordinary actions such as picketing are not disparaged, but the WLF leans toward what it calls "consciousness raising" activities.

A good deal of woman consciousness was raised recently in a dispute at the University of Chicago when the Sociology Department chose not to reappoint the first woman to teach under its aegis in nineteen years. The dismissal of Marlene Dixon, assistant professor of Human Development and Sociology, and an active feminist, stimulated massive protests of students who wanted to retain her and to attain student representation on faculty hiring and promotion committees. The local WLF group, WRAP (Women's Radical Action Project) was also protesting the university's general attitude toward women students. They objected to advisers who recommend marriage instead of a continued academic career, and teachers who disparage women as a group in class or who see their women students primarily as sex objects. They demanded that the more restrictive dormitory rules for women be abolished.

WRAP is the most militant of about two dozen campus groups, primarily graduate students, who have organized special seminars to study women because they found that their regular classes ignored the subject. These women have also begun to appraise their own future job prospects against the fact that positions for women with Ph.D.s are rather scarce, particularly at the major universities.

NOW has been devoting its energies, meanwhile, to several court cases and the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission. Set up to handle complaints of race discrimination, the EEOC was totally unprepared to deal with the flood of complaints of sex discrimination that ensued after Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act was passed. "Sex" was put into the bill as a joke by octogenarian Rep. Howard W. Smith of Virginia, and since then that little word has gone on to plague the agency.

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According to Rep. Martha W. Griffiths of Michigan, the EEOC "started out by casting disrespect and ridicule on the law." She later decided that their "wholly negative attitude toward the sex provisions of Title VII" had changed—for the worse.

After several years of pressure by NOW and other groups, the EEOC decided the women were serious and even entitled to some of the same rights which the law gave to Negroes. Although the relevant section of the Civil Rights Act had clearly prohibited discrimination in employment on the basis of an "individual's race, color, religion, sex or national origin," the EEOC had maintained that, while this meant newspapers could not segregate want ads by race, they might still do so by sex.

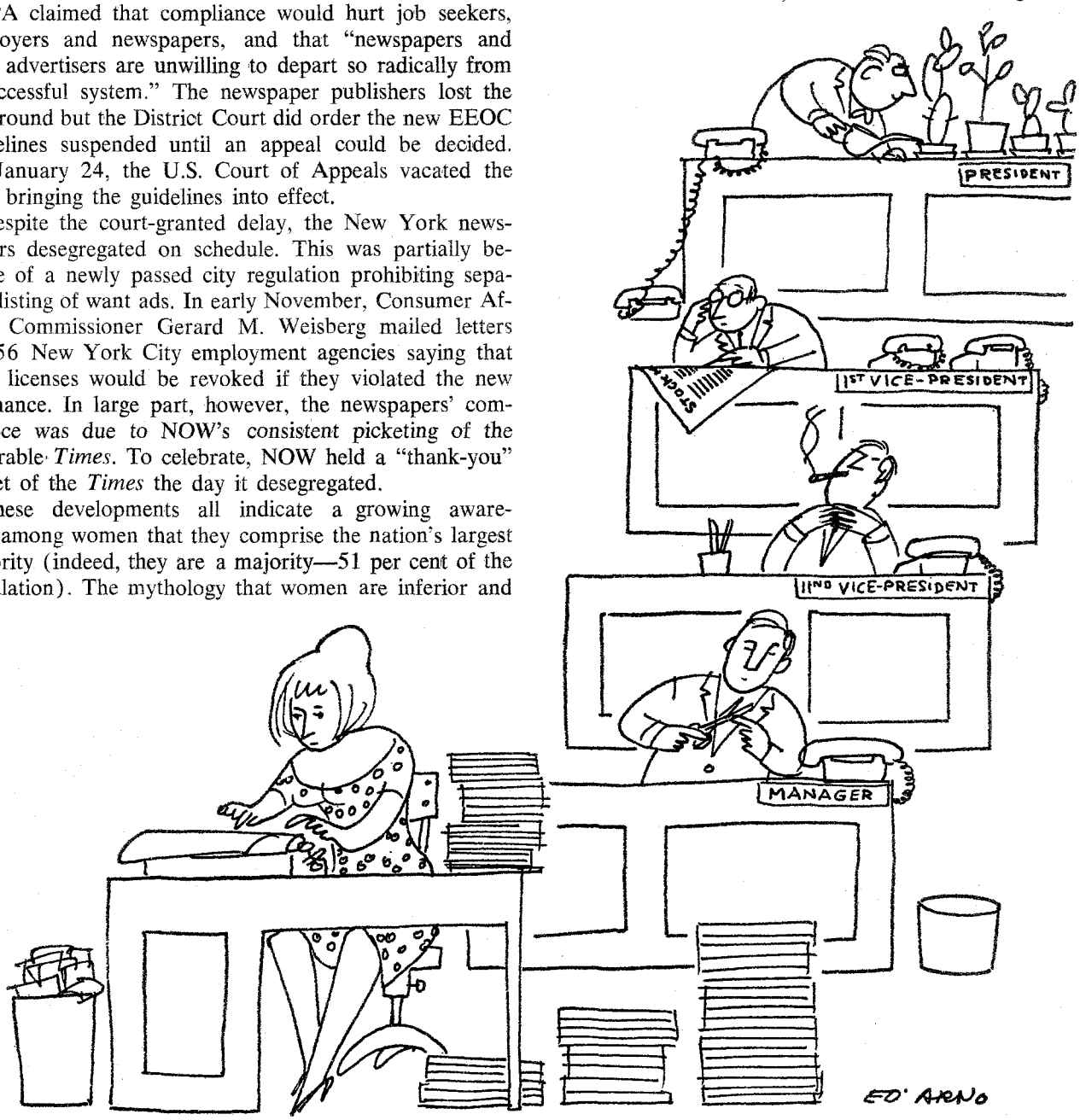
Last August, the commission changed its ruling and ordered newspapers to desegregate their want ads by December 1, 1968. The American Newspaper Publishers Association and the Washington *Star* promptly filed suit. ANPA claimed that compliance would hurt job seekers, employers and newspapers, and that "newspapers and their advertisers are unwilling to depart so radically from a successful system." The newspaper publishers lost the first round but the District Court did order the new EEOC guidelines suspended until an appeal could be decided. On January 24, the U.S. Court of Appeals vacated the stay, bringing the guidelines into effect.

Despite the court-granted delay, the New York newspapers desegregated on schedule. This was partially because of a newly passed city regulation prohibiting separate listing of want ads. In early November, Consumer Affairs Commissioner Gerard M. Weisberg mailed letters to 956 New York City employment agencies saying that their licenses would be revoked if they violated the new ordinance. In large part, however, the newspapers' compliance was due to NOW's consistent picketing of the venerable *Times*. To celebrate, NOW held a "thank-you" picket of the *Times* the day it desegregated.

These developments all indicate a growing awareness among women that they comprise the nation's largest minority (indeed, they are a majority—51 per cent of the population). The mythology that women are inferior and need to be protected by men went out with the mythology about the superiority of the "Aryan" race. But the *Kinder, Küche* and *Kirche* philosophy that it supported has not entirely receded. It has only been transformed into more sophisticated terms.

With increased prosperity, increased education, and increased freedom from unplanned pregnancies, women have been moving out of the home and into the world in greater and greater numbers. Men have welcomed them; but only if they abided in their place as assistants to men. The attitude is that of what Caroline Bird calls "the New Masculinists." They are all "for updating women's traditional role, providing their jobs don't change the lives of men."

This attitude is reflected in an occupational structure which refuses to admit more than a token number of women to major positions and almost none at all to jobs where they would have authority over men. While doing research for her book, *Born Female: The High Cost of*



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Keeping Women Down, Caroline Bird interviewed several hundred "successful" women and discovered that almost every one of them had either made it through a loophole or was significantly better qualified than the men in comparable positions. *Harvard Business Review* once decided to do a survey of opportunities for women as business executives. They concluded that there were hardly any. Scan the masthead of any magazine or the faculty listings of any university catalog: the higher you look, the fewer women there are.

Chemical and Engineering News made a study of chemists' salaries last fall which showed that, with seniority held constant, women with Ph.D.s made less than men with only B.A.s. James J. White recently compared all the women who graduated from law school in the last ten years with a similar group of male law graduates. With every variable he could think of controlled, the figures still showed that a year after graduation the average man earned 20 per cent more than the average woman and that ten years later he earned 200 per cent more.

The general attitude toward women is also solidly enshrined in law, which reflects the English common law tradition that "the husband and wife are as one and that one is the husband." In many states, a woman's income and property are under the control of her husband. In most states she cannot use her maiden name if her husband objects, or maintain a separate domicile for tax and voting purposes.

Study after study has shown that children are not harmed by the fact that their mothers work (that, on the contrary, they frequently benefit), but employed mothers are still made to feel that they are shirking their maternal responsibilities. Because the United States is the only industrialized nation in the world which does not provide public child-care services, women whose income is less than $1,500 must pay out most of it in baby-sitting fees.

This egregious situation has gone unnoticed by all but a few because the culture has never been particularly interested in what happened to women as a group. As Gunnar Myrdal once commented, America's values and concerns are those of the white male. In a little noted Appendix to his monumental study of the American Negro, he wrote that when a legal status had to be found for Negro slaves in the 17th century, "the nearest and most natural analogy was the status of women." Progress in the emancipation of both groups has been parallel ever since.

What has also been parallel is the attempt by society to stereotype both groups. The Masters and Johnson milestone study, *Human Sexual Response* (1966), shattered the foundation for the myth that women are sexually passive, but passivity, in mind as well as body, is still deemed a feminine characteristic. The social sciences have given little study to women, except to discern the ways in which they are different from men. All that has been discovered is that (*1*) Individual differences are greater than sex differences. (*2*) Almost no ability differences appear until a child enters school. They then increase with age, and seem to be more strongly correlated with child-rearing practices and social expectations than with sex.

Yet woman's only important function, for which she is "naturally" made, is held to be that of wife and mother. If she wants a career she is told to choose between that and motherhood because she cannot do both well. Men are never asked to choose between their career and fatherhood; it is assumed that they can do both. These attitudes are so pervasive that they are rarely even noticed. They are reflected in movies, fiction, advertising and popular opinion. They are now being challenged by the new feminists.

These women place no value on ascribing special advantages or handicaps to women. Similarly, they believe that men should take greater responsibility for domestic duties at home and for their children. They want to break down sexual stereotypes, so that women and men may be free to choose the extent of their participation in both domestic and economic spheres.

The major thrust of the new movement is not to prove that women are as good as men—almost. Neither is it to say that women are "different but equal," if only they'd be recognized as such. Its challenge is much more fundamental: the women's liberation movement has begun to question whether what we define as feminine and masculine has anything to do with being female or male. And it is objecting outright to the traditional dominance of male values and of men as their agents.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 226)*

the Department of State will cause Mr. Nixon his "seventh crisis." "Lawyers" and "pragmatists" Rogers and Richardson might prove too preoccupied with the troublesome "facts" of foreign policy in a department too unoccupied with direction and management.

Mr. Simpson's solution: fill the six remaining strategic State posts with career diplomats; dispatch these deputies to a "suitable" business graduate school; retrain them in up-to-date management concepts and techniques; and turn over U.S. foreign policy innovation, reform and management to these MBAs who emerge.

Much of Mr. Simpson's appraisal and suggestion has merit. It was just such McNamara management which gave Defense its long lead over State (as Simpson knows and fears). . . . Yet Mr. Simpson's originality must be questioned. Indeed it is his almost totally present perception which gets him in trouble. Haven't "lawyers" and "pragmatists" been the typical and not the unusual choice for top State spots? Why, save the President's penchant for crises, should this become a peculiarly Nixon problem? Furthermore, haven't Secretaries, deputies and advisers, whether lawyers, careerists or managers been trying to do just what Mr. Simpson now suggests for the last half century at least? . . .

Certainly meaningful breakthroughs might occur in the use of modern organizational tools. Surely the structures of the past need to be remade. . . . Yet can more of the same be the answer? Is management breakdown the major American diplomatic problem or is the Department's morale decay simply symptomatic of what the President himself described as the real seventh crisis, one of the spirit? . . . Perhaps Messrs. Rogers, Richardson and Simpson might, for once, lay aside the flow charts, management seminars and suggestion boxes and go to a "suitable" place, graduate school or otherwise, to be retrained in the substance not the structure, the goals not the tactics, of our foreign policy.

Jerry Israel

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Berryman: Without Impudence and Vanity

HIS TOY, HIS DREAM, HIS REST. *By John Berryman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 317 pp. $6.50.*

MICHAEL GOLDMAN
Mr. Goldman is the author of First Poems. *His second volume of poetry,* At the Edge *(both Macmillan), will appear this summer.*

Wouldn't it be an excellent thing for criticism if, as I. A. Richards once remarked, we could always write as though the author were sitting beside us, listening to every inflection? It would certainly help suppress the occupational diseases of criticism, which Richards rightly named as impudence and vanity. And in the case of John Berryman's new book, it seems even more than ordinarily important that the impulse to score cheap points be recognized and resisted. Berryman's sensitivity to our perverse literary environment is so great that the impudence and vanity of its criticism and competition have become part of his mime, and with all his sparkling baggage of allusion and aggression he offers appealing targets for the impudence and vanity of others. But his aim, as I begin to see—and part of the burden of his remarkable music—is to chasten these more-than-literary afflictions, in others and in himself. The puzzles, the intellectual "content," the mandarin touchiness are all present; indeed, they advertise themselves. But as Berryman says in one of his sudden shifts of direction:

These Songs are not meant to be understood, you understand.
They are only meant to terrify & comfort.

Terrify and comfort are perhaps not the words for the characteristic effect. Stun and relieve would seem closer to what happens in this presumably final installment of the *Dream Songs*, exactly four times the length of its predecessor, *77 Dream Songs*. There is less juice and crazy glee in the new poems, more steel and somberness. But like the first seventy-seven, the songs of *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* are distinguished by Berryman's unique cadence and idiom, a manic goosing into music not only of the demotic but of all the fossil dialects of poetry in English as well as the hopped-up jargons of American life. What is striking in the new book is the extent to which he can invest this music with a degree of grim repose.

The book's narrative framework seems to provide little aside from momentum and accessibility. The poems follow a loosely chronological sequence in the life of Henry, their protagonist. Henry is inexplicably dead in the opening section (all its songs are marked *Op. posth.*). Later he is resurrected, suffers from a broken arm as well as the more usual disturbances of the academic year, and travels off to Ireland on a grant. A more important element in the book is the presence of certain obstinately recurring themes: Death, Fame and Love. These are classical enough, and Berryman, as one would expect, is brilliantly responsive to their provenance in the lyric tradition; but they are nakedly personal, too, even obsessive. The reader deserves at least one song in full:

Draw on your resources. Draw on your resources.
It's not clear if I can. In a French town Autun
where the grand cathedral stands, Henry's mental gown
amazed the residents, and his mental forces
exceeded Verdun.

But he was not up to that ancient sculpture
cold and uneasy witnessed he them scenes:
the figures put him down.
The figures figure what the lost soul means,
so long ago, in an acre of sepulture
insisting on the verb, not the noun.

I wanted so to go to the Windward Islands,
and I will never make it, stuck in this French
vaulting cathedral thought.
We've been here long, long, lowlands & highlands
but not as they have. Draw on your mere mensch
for the benefits we sought.

Berryman does not so much meditate his themes or exhibit them as he is stricken with them. They worry him, seize him, flay him, come over him like thirst. As in the *77 Dream Songs* but more insistently, the artist is seen as someone who manages loveliness while suffering degrading tortures:

. . . a broken heart
but not as bad as Schubert's:
that went beyond the possible: that was like a man
dragged by his balls, singing aloud 'Oh yes'
while to his anguisht glance
the architecture differs: he's getting on,
the tops of buildings change, like a mad dance,
the Piazza Navona

recovers its calm after he went through

Death makes its appearance not only in Henry's foretaste but, later, as the death of friends, especially Delmore Schwartz and Randall Jarrell. There is, too, the death by suicide of Henry's father, which receives its full statement in one of the group of extraordinary songs with which the book concludes.

The theme of Fame, as I have called it, is perhaps the most crucial for grasping the tone and method of the work. Fame appears at times in its traditional monumental bronze form, the immortality of poets, but much more often as a typically contemporary and typically American anxiety, a nervous, often mean concern with the phenomena of making it. I'm not convinced that the confessional mode is necessarily the one in which I would most like to see Berryman develop. A poet's self is not always as good or as interesting as his poetry. That is one reason why poetry is written. Still, many of the personal details that most irritated me when I began to read these songs—the fame-dropping, the references to literary prizes, the self-advertising humilities—now strike me as perfectly gauged to the cultural and emotional atmosphere Berryman evokes.

The American-style yearning for eminence, though it is certainly not limited to our country, is something unique to our times. The desire of a serious artist to win a National Book Award or to be on the cover of *Time* (or *The Village Voice*) is a far cry from the spur that the clear spirit doth raise. It is a cheat and a humiliation. What it reflects, of course, is a familiar and appalling doubt as to one's identity, and the reliance on publicity's mechanical methods only heightens the anxiety:

I say the paralyzed fear lest one's not one
is back with us forever, worsts & bests
spring for the public, faded.

Berryman is talking about poets here, but the fear is universal. Shakiness, the lack of sustaining self-confidence, is the mark of the age, and Berryman has been

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in tune with it since he published "The Nervous Songs" a couple of years ago.

Love, in this volume, is sometimes the aftertaste of past affairs, sometimes the relieving loyalty of certain good women and friends, and most of all the sustaining love of wife and child. The last few poems bring all the themes of the book together with great skill and force, and it is altogether fitting that the final line refers us to "my heavy daughter"—the adjective receiving from its context an equal suggestion of innocent growth and of progress into the sorrows of the world.

The Henry of *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* is reborn as a solicitous father contemplating the wreck of pleasure and hope and comfort—the toy, the dream and the rest all broken by time and grasped at in love and poetry. His daughter restores these elements of happiness, but in this respect she is like the season of the year in which the book concludes:

Fall comes to us as a prize
to rouse us toward our fate.

These lines are also from the final song, and are not only perfect in themselves but resonate profoundly with what the book has shown us of love, fame and death.

The book is big. As I read it, I kept thinking, "There is either too much of *this* or too little of *me*." And though I now think that there are things in it I have not yet learned to hear, I think, too, that some of the *longeurs* and inconsequences I still detect are real. In his use of long form here, Berryman strikes me as more like Pound or Crane, who turned to length as a way to accommodate—or overcome—a tendency to incoherence, than like Eliot or Williams, whose large structures are poems in themselves, natural and rewarding patterns of feeling. But to go on like this, in the face of the book's achievement, is impudence and vanity indeed. In the *Dream Songs*, Berryman has managed to be himself as only extraordinary resourcefulness allows a poet to be himself. More important, he has surprised us in our condition; he has even at moments succeeded in singing aloud "Oh yes;" he has given us startling and memorable poetry.

On March: Time to Take Stock

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

Miss Johnson's first novel, Now in November, *was written in 1934, and awarded a Pulitzer Prize. The essay below, "March," is a section of her most recent work,* The Inland Island, *a "nature book" which describes the detailed changes, month by month, for the twelve months of the year, as observed by the author on her farm in Ohio. It will be published this month by Simon & Schuster.*

The hear-hear of the cardinals in the cold is an icy sound. Knuckles on glass. It will sound different in April. The great wicker cage of the forsythia bush, which covers thirty feet now, is turning yellow. It has moved outward from a moderate bush to this wild tangle—as the banyan tree expands—up and then down, to root in an ever-widening circle of curved earth-seeking arches and wild, unrooted shoots. A beautiful mess, a witch's hair. An open cage, through which the birds pour all day long, or sit in sullen lumps to feel the morning sun. Rabbits and opossum move along its floor; it is the quails' way station in their endless circling of the land—a line of bright, speckled globes, brown heads, they run into this wild witch shelter. The hawk beats silently away. The voices of the quail are strange and sweet. A cat pounced on one female in the flock, and she carried a grey ragged patch directly in the center of her back where all the neat, exquisite feathers had been torn away. She was not crippled, but the purplish skin was bare for a long time, circled with grey down.

The hill edge is rimmed with daffodil shoots, falsely called forth, betrayed by snow and ice. Yellow-sheathed buds surviving grimly. This is a new month because a little bunch of squares on the calendar says so. Once it was the year's beginning. The Saxons called it *Hlyd-monath,* loud and stormy month. Around and around the seasons go, and every year the gaping mouth of March, the windy month that breaks the season open. Mars, god of war, lengthening month, and out of this month flow lengthening days, wind, leaves, and war, torn crows and promises. O promises.

There are brick-red elm buds against the sky. The far hills appear lavender instead of grey. Or do I imagine this because I turned the calender page over? Month of the bloodstone, that strange stone of polished plasma, green with red spots, those drops that represent the blood of Christ in our mythology of gems.

How long can I go on pretending the world is not changed beyond recognition? The blood from that one nation which we ravage flows all over the world. It flows into my mind night and day. Blood, despair and rage. It's not frozen into a stone. It's living blood and it's turning black, not red.

The traditional March winds have been around for several months, but now they come again, leaf lifting, tree shaking. It is terrifying to see a huge tree move and shake clear of its roots. Or does it only *seem* to move? The branches whip and bend, they strain, and the roar of the wind strikes terror to our hearts and we think the tree has moved from bud to root. The wind is glorious and pagan. It blows the dust of our lives a thousand miles. We read the dust. If there's a deadly message in it, that's for us to know. The wind comes bearing things with it, lifting up, sweeping on. The great invisible river that has no need of knowledge of us.

. . . The wind's an enemy, too. Except the joy of hiding from it, finding a hollow haven in the leeward side of a ravine. It seldom turns corners. Like the ancient Chinese ghosts, it must flow straight ahead. Weak, furry creatures watch from holes. Birds flatten against the bark. The crow locks his knees. One doesn't find the small perching birds in heaps like tumbleweeds, so they survive somehow. Shoulder up in the heart of the prickly cedar. Cover their eyes with their wings or hole down in their feathers, flatten their crests. The leaves, not mashed by ice and heavy snow, break up, turn on end. Dry leaves start awkwardly on brief journeys, wild risings, brown and ghostly dispersions to a traveling nowhere and a huddling under the thorns.

* * *

The quail come through the snow, which is steady and slanted, not aimless; thoughtful, as in slower snows. The quail rouse up the leaves, make disorderly beds. The snow covers them. The grass sticks up green hairs. The daffodils stick up, their pale heads watery and discouraged. The delicate cold petals of forsythia open in the house. A triumph. A success. It makes one feel among the great gardeners at last. Didn't rot; didn't slump; didn't wait until its brethren outside were also in full bloom. These frosty fingers I regard with awe again.

The near trees are stark black. The far trees a net of white webs, the far hills grey. Now the snow shifts its pattern. The steady slant turns to a spiral. The flakes seem larger, rounder. Some trees are turning green with lichen. Yesterday the fields were alive with flocking robins. When the robin flies down he does not flutter, he drops. When he eats, he pulls at his food, as though pulling a worm out of the ground. He lifts the leaves in his beak and tosses them aside. He jerks up the crusts of bread.

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The forsythia cage has turned pure white. An arched net of snow. The delicate grey juncos line its inner branches. Its buds are white. It has caught and caged every flake of snow that's fallen. And under the snow run the thin gold lines of sap. The forsythia came from China and is related to the olive. *Forsythia suspensa* has hollow upright branches, *Forsythia intermedia* has arched branches, and most forsythia are hybrids of *F. intermedia*, which was the offshoot of *F. viridissima* and *F. suspensa*, the wild olive ancestors from Asia. *Intermedia* is a dull name for those great arching bridges and branches, half in heaven, half in earth. It's *viridissima—virere*, to be green, *vire*, the arrow-feathered, to achieve a rotary motion . . . *vir*, to turn . . . virent, freshness . . . to shoot up . . . up and turn . . . burrow down and rise again . . . *virbiasses* . . . being twice a man (and *sississimus* is Swahili for red ants—are you with us still?).

This is *suspensa-viridissima* that we have here, not just a squatty *intermedia*, studded with barn sparrows, huge brown buds on every hoop.

The snow is slowing down. A trilling comes. Some early amorous bird. The cardinals feed each other. A courting gesture. He offers her a sunflower seed. Her beak is full already. He jabs away. Eventually his loving peck is received. Usually it's better handled, better beaked, a sweet reciprocity.

He stretches lean in his courting song. His crest stretched up, his whole body thinned out as he sings, watching the female, tung tung tung . . . the strained persistence of a single note. She flies away . . .

The ground is whiter, whiter, the bark greener. The mournful sounds of the Norfolk and Western hoots up the valley. It rolls up two miles through the snow.

The quail are eating and down comes a squirrel, snow-frosted pink-rimmed eyes, icy little claws. What is the quail attitude toward the squirrel? They stop eating, they huddle together, and each and every quail turns its back toward the squirrel and stares off into the distance. He rummages about, digs up snow-covered bread, runs away. They turn around and resume their eating. A curious sight. How does he feel? He doesn't give a damn. He is long gone with his greasy bread.

It appears to be snowing birds—sparrows and juncos, tomtits and chickadees, woodpeckers and cardinals, and suddenly a robin is snowed down.

May God make the snow fall on this terrible war. Bury the armor. Cool the burned.

The year moves on toward spring. The wicker cage of the forsythia grows more yellow every day. They used to call these changeable days "the dangerous weather." Every day is dangerous now, climatewise and otherwise. For three months there have been these shiftings, these extremes.

Woke one morning to an extraordinary snow. Deep soft blanket world. Great white elephants looming everywhere. The honeysuckle and the fence a hairy mammoth. The wind releases the pine branches slowly—a long exploding tip of pine moves in a circle, like the sensitive tip of an elephant's trunk.

On the green-grey ice of the pond a caravan of camels is kneeling. Strange shapes everywhere. The garbage cans like giant popovers. Two men with guns. "We didn't see no signs." One was kneeling in the road, his gun pointed at the field's "No-Hunting" sign.

A world too beautiful, too strange for words. After awhile the sun and wind turned all the snow into something mad and messy. Suds, batter, dashed against the trees. The snow on the ground was pitted from odd falling clumps off the branches. Once a load descended like a falling bird with outstretched wings that shattered into light.

Showers of snow fell in a veil before the sun. All through the woods white birds flying and falling. And yet it was silent. Lovely and silent and blazing white.

Then, in a few days, the warming began. The invisible melting.

Spongy ground. The dry hummocks of grass squashing under foot into the snow ooze. Saw tadpoles in the brown water of the pond and, dimly, mossy encrusted crawfish crawling near the shore. The algae rose in green clumps with curious rootlike hangings, green Medusas. The ground is pitted with mouse and mole and shrew holes. It looks like a big brown cheese around the bird feeder. Bees are out; mosquitoes. Big black ants appear on the sink.

That kingfisher sound was a flicker. I should have remembered that peculiar call. It paused briefly, high in black cherry. (Was it a flicker the opossum gnawed . . . sitting preposterously calm on the flood-lighted lawn, his little nasty hands shuffling yellow feathers, spreading the wings like a fan before his face, and gnawing the bloody bones?)

Two doves flew down. Indescribable softness of their color, pink over grey; the shape of doves is maddeningly beautiful. Their feet were pink in the moss. They have tiny little heads. Their descent, awkward, nervous, twittering, is a disaster more than a descent. Their rising is labored and noisy. They are so slow only their extreme nervousness saves them. But beautiful—oh, beautiful—dove grey, dove rose, dove blue, and the exquisite lines of their stupid little heads. They drive the bluejays away.

Very warm in the woods. The big creek filthy—a greasy grey like an enormous flowing of dirty dishwater with tiny particles as from thousands of human teeth pickings.

But the second creek is pure and flowing over the stones. Sweet wet earth smell. Sat by the large granite boulder, almost green now, orange where the water edged around it. Found two silvery nests of vireos still knitted well with the moss between. No birds. No tracks. Only the leaves on the move.

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Leaping up, tugging at the thin frozen blanket of themselves, moving about like squirrels. Got scared by a rabbit bolting out from his shelter. Sounded louder than a gunshot.

Stroked a fallen log covered with moss as though it were a green, living thing. A cloud of yellow pollen blew from my hand. Other logs had every crack filled with the oyster-shaped fungus of *Stereum versicolor*, some small and greyish, upright as oysters, shoved in the cracks, and the larger spread as the tails of drumming pheasants, beautiful with copper bands, brown, grey and mossy-green bands, damp and velvety smooth to touch. Another fungus grew with them, less distinctly banded, whose underside was ridged and folded, *Daedalea quercina*, which means worked cunningly, and labyrinthine—after Daedalus who made the Minotaur's deep winding labyrinth. A heavy name for this crimped and greyish bit of stuff! I would like to find a *Polyporus squamosus*, which they say grows seven feet in circumference, forty-two pounds in weight, and all this colorful expansion in four weeks alone. Found, instead, a root so resembling the head of a goat that horns, ears and beard were clearly there, a rude yet delicate resemblance that startled.

It grows almost hot in the ravine. The air is soft and damp, a soft light breeze at times. The creek is running well. The cold water flowed through hollow cow bones on the pebbles, the air full of little white things flying. And on a rock a lively coal-black springtail brisked about. The bright-green varnished shoots of the star-of-Bethlehem came up in clumps, and the pure-white bulbs were exposed along the creek where the earth had washed away. Moss everywhere—green moss on stones, on logs, bright emerald green. The tree across the creek that slants up skyward is covered with moss now, snow all gone. The only whiteness, odd, bleached rocks stranded here and there, returning to their old shell color. And there are flat square stones, grey, ominous, chiseled with laws, like some mosaic tablet (or one could think of them as stone sandwiches instead, very old and stale).

Someone has upturned a big stone under a tree, its earth side raw and exposed. And has ripped a great vine from the tree and knocked it aside.

The stream is crossed and recrossed by fallen logs. And on one a mourning-cloak butterfly sits in the sun, slowly folding and opening his dark wings edged with cream. A red so dark it is black. A phoebe has come, but it is silent. The only sounds are the crows and the creek.

Almost invisible under the leaves, the salt-and-pepper flowers are opening with a faint honey scent. And from a fresh hole comes a puff of skunk. The scarlet cup fungus are open. Bright cardinal mouths among the leaves.

And then comes a more believable March day. Harsh, cold. The week of warmth and sun has urged everything forward in preparation for this grey descent, this icy air, this icy mist. Fold on fold, over every bud, every gold daffodil. Every premature arrival. Get them up. Freeze them out. Chill. Chill. It's some ghastly gothic joke that's played each year.

The forsythia fountain looks alive though, runs yellow in all the hoops, and all the hoops are hung with yellow drops, the unopened flowers arrested by the cold. Above them the elms are a mass of brown buds, brown lace. The redbirds are shrill, deceptively cheerful.

It's a good cold day for burning. Three thousand scraps of paper bearing things of importunity and word of man's sinning, cries for help, and stuff for sale. The very things you save accumulate until they press you down. Too much of everything. I am obsessed with the thought of starting over. Starting again with everything gone. A March thought. Fifty-seven years of accumulation. But man is not earth. He does not change to marble under pressure. Just assumes a curious shape. Living conglomerate.

> Conglomerates represent consolidated gravel, and always indicate an aqueous origin, often the delta of an ancient stream or the invasion of sea over land. Important to geologists in interpreting past events.

Well, here we stand. A mass of rounded pebbles of varying sizes cemented together. A few of boulder size, but all rounded in water and transported a great distance. Waiting to be interpreted. Blue clay, yellow clay, and some geodes, hollow and lined, surprisingly, with beautiful crystals. These lumps gathered around some hard and undissolving memory. Love, failure, hate—or that lost ice-cream soda on the streetcar ride. The refused, the ungiven, the undone. These lie inside like fossil insects, but in some no nucleus can be found. No leaf. No shell. No bone.

* * *

Now is the time for taking stock. What do we have to deal with here? Shut the door. Or put your shoulders against the wind. Stomp on stuff coming up. Hold it down. We've got to have a quiet moment here. Tides of life and tides of decay, and all more silent than the sea.

What can we learn from the past? What teach? Our experience is vinegar. Mother-of-vinegar. *Mother*, this strange transparent stuff. Membrane of yeast cells and bacteria, added to wine and cider to start vinegar (and also—for the record—mother is *modder*, is mud). How can I live in two worlds? As you have been living. Torn, divided, growing by shreds and wounds, growing by ridicule. Until one resembles the astonishing corn plant emerging from rolled and shredded newspaper. Behold the poet, the ragged and upright soul of man.

The poets were honored men in the old days in Ireland. They had a place then. Voices of wisdom, bearers of tidings, good, bad, true, invented, newsmen and singers. We're a small bunch today. Fellow tapirs. We cannot understand each other. Gather seven hundred together in a kingdom? One hundred in a castle? I wouldn't spend the night there. But things were different then.

I had a strange thought this month in the wind and snow. A vision of the Coming—not the Second Coming, that

ON RESURRECTION

1.

The reason for her pride
in the soup
was not that it came out
good but that when she started
making it (even five minutes
after, even ten while stirring
it) she expected it to be no good
and then and there knew
that it was a nothing
soup but then out of nothing
came suddenly the good soup, she
was so proud

2.

Now I have not seen her tears
glisten for a long
time and when the tears
began rolling down her face
out over the entire continent
of joy I knew she was feeling
again (something) and I
rejoiced
mingling myself among
her and hands and flowers

3.

For I had filled out the
death certificate and it was
matter of factual and at
the counter. The men were
waiting and said they would
take me and I checked that
I had died (and had) and
then I checked again (no
I had not.) I'll tell
you what: we were quite
simply looking for a little
place to rejoice

DAVID RAY

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dream of Christians, but a Coming of man from the Arctic, marching slowly down. Brown, broad, majestic. Great, flat, moonshaped face. Black eyes. A pagan man to deliver us from our bloody and binding dreams. To deliver us from our stinking wars of religion, wars of patriotism. Our wars in which we use the bodies of burned children to ward off our childish nightmares of a Communist world. Our war for democracy in which we blind, burn, starve, and cripple children so that they may vote at twenty-one.

The bud ends of box-elder twigs look like hard green roses. Green stem, green rose, tough buds. Smooth and wiry branches. Very tough. Formed like the horsetails, the ancient plants. Scarred already, and only a year alive. There is a chill wind, and the clouds are edgeless and thin.

The Weight of Tradition

THE GATE OF DARKNESS: Studies on the Leftist Literary Movement in China. *By Tsi-an Hsia. University of Washington Press. 266 pp. $7.95.*

NORMAN J. GALLO
Mr. Gallo has lived in the Far East for three years. He is currently writing a novel about the Far East.

There is a Chinese legend which tells of a tournament held for the purpose of determining who would win the title of the Supreme Rebel and the honors due a king. The reigning ruler, however, was of a treacherous nature and had a plan whereby he would kill off any survivors of the tournament's contests and thus remain in power. His plan centered upon a huge, massive gate which, lowered into the city wall, would block the escape of any of the tournament's warriors and thus allow them to be massacred by the imperial troops. The plot was foiled by a herculean bandit who held up the gate with his own superior strength and enabled some of the warriors to escape to safety. He did so, however, at the cost of his life. The gate was too heavy even for a man of his immense power and he was crushed to death.

This legend had lasting significance for Lu Hsun, probably the major Chinese writer so far in the 20th century. He wrote in 1919, the year in which the famed May 4th movement began: "Let the awakened man burden himself with the weight of tradition and shoulder up the gate of darkness. Let him give unimpeded passage to the children so that they may rush to the bright, wide-open spaces and lead happy lives henceforward as rational human beings."

To Lu Hsun, the gate of darkness was the onerous traditions of China's infinite past. He exerted a great effort and literally gave all of himself to holding up that immense barrier. Upon his death in 1936 it was remarked that: "When the Chinese Communist Party was greatly handicapped by lack of funds, Lu Hsun more than once made donations and loans from what he laboriously earned by his writing. When some comrades of the Chinese Communist Party were being hunted by the reactionary police force, Lu Hsun defied all danger to secure the safety of these revolutionary fighters."

Mao Tse-tung himself has said: "Lu Hsun was the greatest and the most militant standard-bearer . . . the most loyal and most zealous hero who stormed and broke up the enemy's front. . . ."

This is only one of this collection's revealing vignettes of the leftist literary movement in China from 1919 to 1942 provided by Tsi-an Hsia, a literary scholar and writer who died in February, 1965. Hsia, a former teacher and professor both in mainland China and Taiwan as well as in the United States, gives an accurate account of those twenty-three stormy and eventful years in a series of six essays.

Two of the essays deal with Lu Hsun, one depicting his struggles with the forces of darkness, the other a record of his relationship with the League of Leftist Writers. Hsia feels that the gate of darkness represented for Lu Hsun not only Chinese tradition but also death and despair. The League of Leftist Writers, "an organization of revolutionaries" formed in 1930 and dissolved six years later, was engaged in the creation of proletarian art and "dedicated to class struggle." Its members took part in the Chinese civil war "on the literary, artistic, ideological fronts," and "had more than diversionary effects on the outcome of what turned out to be the most important struggle for power in modern China."

Another essay deals with the young Chinese writer, Ch'ü Ch'iu-po, who was executed by the Kuomintang in 1935 at the age of 36. A poet as well as a journalist, he left China for Russia in 1920. Despite intense homesickness and tuberculosis, he became an accomplished Russian linguist. He was one of the rare individuals who used his fluency in both languages to teach the first generation of Chinese students as they arrived at the new University of Toilers in Moscow.

Thus Ch'ü joined the Communist Party while he was in Russia and took an active part in the Chinese Communist Party's struggles upon his return to China two years later. He enjoyed a cordial relationship with Mao Tse-tung and sacrificed both his health and, ultimately, his life for the party.

Chiang Kuang-tz'u seems to have been a very different type of poet and individual. "A writer of mediocre ability," he requested permission to resign from the party in 1930, but was expelled instead. He died the next year from illness at the age of 30. Chiang looked upon himself as the Byron of China and felt he could contribute more to the party as a writer than as an active revolutionary. Despite his expulsion, his name was rehabilitated in 1949 and his remains were later reburied in a ceremony headed by Ch'en Yi, then Mayor of Shanghai and now Foreign Minister.

A most interesting section of Hsia's work is entitled: "Enigma of the Five Martyrs," an account of the execution of five young Chinese writers killed by the Kuomintang on the night of February 7, 1931. Of the five, one was a young woman, and their ages ranged from 22 to 29 years.

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Hsia suggests that the five were caught in an intraparty power struggle and that they were betrayed to Chiang Kai-shek's forces by a member of a rival faction. But as the author points out, the full truth will probably never be known.

A statement he makes about the Chinese youth of that turbulent time hits a nerve in the United States today:

"If the importance of an event is to be judged by its consequences, then the handful of young people, who broke away from their families and lovers to participate in street demonstrations foredoomed to failure, were harbingers of bigger events to come. It was young intellectuals . . . who kept replenishing the ranks of revolutionaries. It was they who carried on and spread the revolution in its most difficult time."

Memory and Revelation

LEGENDS OF OUR TIME. *By Elie Wiesel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 197 pp. $5.95.*

LAURENCE GOLDSTEIN
Mr. Goldstein is on the staff of N.B.C. News. He is also a free-lance book critic and film maker.

For Elie Wiesel memory is an instrument of revelation. Each word he uses to document the past transforms both the word and the memory into an act of faith. The writings of Elie Wiesel are a journey into the past blackened by the Nazi death camps where the charred souls of its victims possess the sum of guilt and endurance that mark the progress of man. It is a compulsive, fevered, single-minded search among the ashes for a spark that can be thrust before the silent eyes of God Himself.

Early in this book of stories and essays, Wiesel says, "For me writing is a *matzeva*, an invisible tombstone, erected to the memory of the dead unburied. Each word corresponds to a face, a prayer, the one needing the other so as not to sink into oblivion."

This is the substance of legend. Each episode in Wiesel's life marks a portion of a journey that has torn the provincial Jew from the confines of the *shtetl* and set him loose upon the world. Since the fact of his life is a triumph over the indifference of that world, his destiny is dramatically self-contained. He is both the living repository of his people's legends and the sole interpreter of their meaning.

Legends of Our Time is a celebration of the liberation of memory from horror too terrible to be recounted or dismissed. If the holocaust defies analogy, it can be confronted only by an assault of an imagination determined to humanize the bestiality, guilt and fear that have sealed it from human experience. For Wiesel "Auschwitz, by definition, is beyond the vocabulary" of those scholars and philosophers who have had the opportunity to observe the tragedy. And so, for Wiesel, memory and its compulsive, mythic extension into fantasy become probes to search out feelings that remain in the brutalized nerve endings that are the final legacy of the holocaust.

"Stretched out on a plank of wood amid a multitude of blood-covered corpses, fear frozen in his eyes, a mask of suffering on the bearded, stricken mask that was his face, my father gave back his soul at Buchenwald." From that beginning in the first story, "The Death of My Father," Wiesel moves back to his origins in the insulated and idealistic childhood world of the *shtetl* surrounded by Eastern Europe. The death, which impends, filters through each memory, preserving his childhood in the glow of the ovens which wait in the distance.

In "An Evening Guest" a stranger comes to Wiesel's family's household on the first night of Passover, the celebration of freedom. He is seized upon with childlike inspiration as the incarnation of the prophet Elijah who ascended heaven alive, in a chariot of fire, to go on through the centuries as the herald of deliverance. This is 1944, the last Passover when, in just a few weeks, the stranger will take that brief rail trip to a peaceful little town somewhere in Silesia, "where his fiery chariot was waiting to carry him up to the heavens." Wiesel asks, "Is this not proof enough that he was the prophet Elijah?"

And what of the world after? "The Last Return" painfully describes Wiesel's return to the town of his childhood where he and 10,000 other Jews were condemned. He remembers the silence as Jews, by the thousands, were prodded into cattle cars; and he feels the intolerable weight of that indifference when he returns. "Nothing had changed. The house was the same, the street was the same, the world was the same, God was the same. Only the Jews had disappeared." And then the final knowledge: "If the Jews were to come back, they would be driven away again." The town had never really existed for him or for the Jews. Only in the cemetery was he truly welcome; outside he was on foreign soil.

But the compulsion to return, to understand, to confront his hatred and make it as axiomatic to his values as justice and compassion drives him to revisit Germany. It doesn't work. In "An Appointment with Hate" Wiesel realizes the Germans "had started and lost the most ignominious war in history, and afterward had managed to surpass their conquerors in wealth and happiness. Above all, in complacency." Yet knowing there is no forgiveness, knowing that each Jew betrays the dead unless he houses that healthy, virile hate "for what the German personifies and for what persists in the German," Wiesel cannot forge that hatred. He quotes the Israeli humorist Ephraim Kishon: "Logic, too, went up in smoke at Auschwitz."

This ambivalence, the knowledge that irony is as much the servant of sanity as commitment, moves him to see life as a process where each experience affords a double vision "between them and myself, between the self I had left at Buchenwald and the other self that thought it was healed." The possibilities offered by this vision account for the remarkably compassionate tone of Wiesel's work. He writes with that possessive reverence for language that celebrates, as much as describes, experience. The written word becomes a powerful assertion, the triumph of life over death and indifference. To carve words, especially in a graveyard, is to love.

Wiesel's ironic vision lies at the heart of "The Wandering Jew," a brilliant fable in which the narrator meets and compulsively follows an ugly, abrasive hobo who is the repository of Jewish wisdom and Jewish endurance. The wanderer is the humanized sum of Judaism which even the holocaust has left intact. The narrator clearly sees the duality of what the man represents and he is finally "afraid to plunge once more into his legend which condemns us both, me to doubt, and him to immortality."

"An Old Acquaintance" is the darker side of Wiesel's excoriating dialogue with his past. Here memory is transformed into the drama of a victim's confrontation with his tormentor. The narrator suddenly encounters in Israel a brutal *Kapo* from one of the barracks in Auschwitz. He challenges him. "I was in your barracks. I used to tremble before you. You were the ally of evil, of hunger, of cruelty. I used to curse you." The man denies his identity. The narrator persists, remembering the horrors inflicted upon him. Suddenly the barracks chief turns on him, shouting in

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brutal German, threatening to break his bones, make him eat dirt, melting the narrator in his voice. The narrator is beyond the fear of dying or even of killing. "It is something else, something worse. I am suddenly aware of my impotence, of my defeat. I know I am going to let him go free . . . but I will never know if, face to face with the executioner, I behaved like a judge or a victim." With the barracks chief still shouting obscenities and threats, the narrator flees—grateful that "he let me go. He granted me freedom."

In his essay on the Eichmann trial he concludes that the tragedy of the Jewish victims was that "they believed themselves to be guilty, though they are not . . . they prefer, in this condemned world, not to hurl their defiance at men and their anger into the face of history, but to keep silent, to pursue the monologue which only the dead deserve to hear. Guilt was not invented at Auschwitz, it was disfigured there." And in his final "Plea for the Dead," Wiesel begs us to learn that "The lesson of the holocaust—if there is any—is that our strength is only illusory, and that in each of us is a victim who is afraid, who is cold, who is hungry. Who is ashamed."

Words carved on gravestones, legend torn from the pit where millions of broken bodies lie. This is the inheritance which Elie Wiesel brings to us. His voice claims us with its urgency. His vision lights the mystery of human endurance.

Nero Wolfe's Brand of Beer

NERO WOLFE OF WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET. *By William S. Baring-Gould. The Viking Press. 203 pp. $5.50.*

MAX BYRD
Mr. Byrd teaches English at Harvard. He is a former editor of The Harvard Crimson.

cult: great and esp. faddish devotion; *also,* its object or adherents.

Nero Wolfe would hardly take it well that I thus quote from Webster's Third International Dictionary (he once burned all 25 pounds of it, page by page, in his fireplace), but no other word really describes his vast and loyal order of admirers. Drawn-to-scale plans of Wolfe's study, long hours searching in paperback book stands and out of the way libraries, a truly childish capacity for rereading—all this has set apart the adherent for thirty years or more. Now the late William S. Baring-Gould, distinguished editor of *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, has supplied the cult with what amounts to a handbook for informed appreciation, a compendium and a chronology about America's largest and most irascible detective.

It is fitting, of course, and even patriotic that an authority on Holmes should at last have looked homeward to Wolfe. Similarities between them have not gone unnoticed by scholars, and some have grumbled that Rex Stout has done little more than up date Holmes's eccentricities and translate him to New York. Such a charge, though serious, deserves to be answered, and almost the only thing I regret about this handsome volume is that Baring-Gould did not fully address himself to it. For Rex Stout has restored great sleuthing to the country that, properly speaking, discovered it. And in matters far more subtle than geography, he has *Americanized* the genre.

Take the original Holmes-Watson relationship, for example. As Stout himself has cunningly seen, it depends upon a major archetypal configuration. Years ago, in a speech to the fanatical Baker Street Irregulars entitled "Watson Was a Woman," Rex Stout advanced the thesis that Watson was more than a friend; that he was in fact Holmes's wife (and that her name was Irene). Whether Conan Doyle's Victorian shiftiness or perhaps his love of a mystery led him to disguise the truth, Stout does not say. But in America both Archie and Nero are assertively masculine, triumphantly so. They belong to that great American company of buddies, spiritual kin to Huck and Jim, Ishmael and Queequeg.

Indeed, it may be more precise to regard the devoted duo simply as the national type of father and son (Baring-Gould gives over a number of controversial pages to genealogy). After all, who can have failed to see the bond of trust between those two, the nearly symbiotic dependence between fat maturity and athletic youth? Who can have missed the note of wonder when Archie describes Nero at work. So small boys worship fathers. Even his occasional engaging irreverence toward Wolfe smacks of familiar adolescent rebellion.

This arrested development, so to speak, is an important part of Stout's shrewd Americanizing. More problematic is Wolfe's bourgeois, embarrassingly grasping attitude toward money. Nero Wolfe, as Baring-Gould points out in an elaborate fiscal analysis, never fails to consider publicly his bank account, and frequently charges a client $50,000 or more. Soaking the rich, of course, is something that any detective, hard-boiled or egghead, might understand. ("To be broke is not a disgrace," Wolfe once said; "it is only a catastrophe.") But the Englishman Sherlock Holmes rarely mentioned a fee and frequently served for nothing. Might not a Marxist make dark work of all this?

Jingoism aside, however, in every other respect the book conforms splendidly to the high standards of the author's earlier studies. His chronology of

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Wolfe's career seems entirely accurate, and he includes much else that we have needed to know. The news, for instance, that Viking Press will shortly publish a Nero Wolfe Cook Book is most welcome. The glossary of orchids is appreciated. And the authorized floor plan of Wolfe's house is indispensable. The information that Wolfe's brand of beer is Remmers (six quarts a day) has settled a long-standing bet in at least one home. Also, an anthology of Wolfe's aphorisms and wise sayings, which might have been called "The Thoughts of Chairman Nero," is thoughtfully included. There are, I believe, two errors: Johnny Keems, not Archie, questioned Wolfe on the verb "contact"; and Purley Stebbins did not call Marko Vukcic a "chicken-chaser." But these are quibbles. The cult is grateful for such a treasury, and few members will manage to be without a copy. Satisfactory, as Wolfe might say. Most satisfactory.

Nation Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

THE LOVE OBJECT. *By Edna O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. 172 pp. $4.95.*

The eight stories collected here make a strong book, and a moving one. "The Love Object" is that upon which we fix our hopes and fantasies; whether lover or possession, its possibilities are always somehow more real than its actuality. In the title story, a very likeable young woman refuses to part with a lover who has become more of a pain than a pleasure simply because she's incapable of giving up the world she's built *around* him. In another, an aging working-class woman trapped in a bad marriage cuts off the possibility of a happy love affair with a neighbor because the new furniture around which she's fantasized their relationship turns out to be as drab as her life has been. Although Miss O'Brien writes about sex and love with an accuracy and perception that are often startling, what is most arresting about her book is its exploration of that fine, sometimes invisible line between hope and obsession.

NOG. *By Rudolph Wurlitzer. Random House. 164 pp. $4.95.*

"I have received no instructions. I will just lie here. . . . I can inhabit and furnish this space so that travelers will have a refuge, on the way to the bathroom or the way back from the bathroom." No one usually notices whether a writer imitates someone else's style unless it doesn't work. Mr. Wurlitzer's hero is a young and American version of a Beckett hero: the problem is that where Beckett's heroes, for all their apparent catatonia, are always saner and more brilliant than the mad society which has produced them, *Nog*'s hero is more a boring nut who can't cope. Even though his afflictions arouse proper sympathy, reading about his paralyzed adventures across America is itself paralyzing. Mr. Wurlitzer is a serious writer with important concerns, and there are some brilliant passages in his novel, but only the most devoted reader will be able to struggle through the anesthetic quality of the rest to get from one reward to another.

HEADS. *By Edward Stewart. The Macmillan Company. 224 pp. $4.95.*

Breeze, of the New York City police, is called in to investigate what grows into a series of crazy murders: the pattern is that the victims, all of whom are heads of various institutions, get their heads chopped off by apparently different murderers. What the victims have in common is their association, twenty years earlier, with an Eli College musical, but that's only the beginning, and there are two separate endings. The mysterious rabbi of Temple Beth Rico (in a changing neighborhood); a shallow, alcoholic and lovable public relations man; a sex-loving, soon-to-be-decapitated priest, and a groovy Bengali girl who may be the murderer—or one of them—are only a few of the characters in this fine, funny book which swipes at everything from Hitchcock and the police to professional virgins and detective novels, and never misses. Mr. Stewart, who wrote *Orpheus on Top*, isn't simply a skilled satirist but a very superior novelist.

THE WOMAN DESTROYED. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 254 pp. $5.95.*

Mlle. de Beauvoir has been accused of being a humorless tattletale with maddeningly total recall, but few contemporary writers have so generously exposed their own lives for our inspection and instruction. It is difficult to believe that she has now reached 60, and just as difficult to dissociate her current "work of fiction" from that fact. *The Woman Destroyed* consists of three separate novellas about women who are variously unable to bear growing older, and who destroy themselves by their inability to change as the lives around them do. In the most successful, an intelligent but empty middle-class woman becomes so distraught over her husband's affair with a younger woman that she descends into a literal orgy of self-contempt and, almost, self-obliteration. All three tales are highly melodramatic, but the quality of the experiences they record, and the stern and wise perspective of their author, will make them of interest to a wide audience.

THE HUSBAND. *By Sol Stein. Coward-McCann. 288 pp. $5.95.*

The proposition that to divorce your wife and marry your mistress is the honest thing to do may have a lot going for it, but not in this novel. Once his ad-man hero is gotten out of his dead marriage (with much breast beating) and into the arms of the woman he really loves, Mr. Stein spends the rest of his book tch-tching at other people's sexual hang-ups. His highly moral hero, Peter Carmody, is shocked and repelled when his voyeuristic boss fires him because Peter virtuously refuses to be blackmailed into participating in his sexual machinations; but he is grateful when the same boss generously hires him back again after Peter's almost successful suicide attempt. It all ends happily with a brilliant campaign for a beer account, a steep divorce settlement, and visitation rights. This is a genuinely dirty book, an observation which has nothing to do with the frequency of its sex scenes.

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THEATRE/Harold Clurman

The only new play which has genuinely interested me for some time is Lonne Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, as given by the Negro Ensemble Company. When I say "play" I refer to the whole phenomenon of stage presentation: "words" in the "music" of an acting team perceived as a single experience. (*Tango*, in contrast, contains a vital text damaged by inadequate acting.) With *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* I did not think to evaluate any of its parts (script, acting, setting, direction) separately. That is *theatre*. With Elder's play the Negro Ensemble has achieved its own proper pitch.

One may note some repetitiousness in the text and there were overfacile strokes for comedy effect. The total impression, however, is without blemish. Even the crudities in the play's texture are of a kind which appear organic with the material, part of its reality.

There is no special pleading: it proclaims no thesis, espouses no cause, appeals for no largess. *Ceremonies* is a family play whose characters are foolish, fallible, sweet, stupid, lovable, always understandable folk. They are richly human and as such not easily subject to petty compromise in humdrum jobs at paltry wages.

Russell Parker was a pop dancer till one day he no longer had the strength. He became a barber, but without any aptitude for the work, earned little in his Harlem shop and allowed his faithful wife to support him till she died of the burden. Their daughter took over her mother's task; now she supports her father who spends most of his time playing checkers with a kindly friend and recounting tall tales to the delight of his two sons, who also find indolence more convenient than work. One day the hard-driven girl, fed up with the situation, announces that either they get jobs or she will refuse to contribute her earnings to their further maintenance. Crisis!

The younger brother has already begun to amuse himself by larceny; the older one has hit upon a scheme suggested by a local racketeer, Blue Haven. Since the young idler has a talent for making bootleg whisky on the premises, they will arrange to convert the barber shop into a speak-easy. Parker balks at the proposal but, faced with the alternative humiliation of finding work "downtown," agrees to the plan.

It all ends disastrously, though the play cannot be said to have an "end." We know at the last fade-out only that the family will abandon their illegal trade after (but not because) the young brother has been killed during a robbery which is one of the activities into which he had been led by Blue Haven.

None of this gives any idea of the humor, the oblique pathos, the unsentimental pain—affecting the racketeer himself—with which the story is told. If the play were to be summarized in a bald reduction of its theme, it might be stated as an account of how poverty and other wretched circumstances in the lives of a black family force them into a tragic mess, for which there is no base motive, but only the wish to enjoy life, freely and fully. But such a summation lacks the savor of what I felt while observing the characters through what, despite elements of violence, are really little more than casual happenings in a poor black neighborhood. There is no sensationalism, not even a "problem"—only the warp and woof of ordinary living: funny, crazy, frightening and somehow strangely innocent, heartwarming as much as heartbreaking. The play, the first by a writer of 30, is a "little" comedy—much more telling than many that are ambitiously "significant."

What makes it altogether delightful and arresting is the unadorned, exciting, joyous and entirely devoted nature of the acting—the kind which not only makes one believe that he is *there* (yet happily in the theatre), but that the actors have invented their own lines, on the spur of the moment. Speech and flesh are one. It all seems so artless as to constitute the truest art.

If only one member of the cast were to be singled out, it would have to be Douglas Turner in the central role. His passion, his raciness, his vigor, his total commitment to the essence of each moment make his performance one of the memorable occasions of the year: far more expressive and *useful* than some of those exuberantly touted elsewhere in town. There are few more hilarious scenes in recent days than the one in which Turner, as Parker, tells of his travail on a chain gang—a yarn which ain't necessarily so but which he makes more vividly to the point than truth itself.

It would be a critical misdemeanor to pass over Arthur French, Parker's companion in fun, games and sorrow: he is inescapably winning. And William Jay as the older son, David Downing as the younger, Rosalind Cash as their doughty sister, Samual Blue, Jr., as the racketeer, and sexy Judyann Jonsson as Parker's fling all contribute more than honorably to the evening's success.

After *Ceremonies*, I find little I wish to say about the rest of the things I've seen since. *Canterbury Tales*, a London hit, with book by Martin Starkie and Nevill Coghill, with lyrics by Coghill and music by Richard Hill and John Hawkins, conveys the mildest sort of ribaldry (Eugene O'Neill Theatre).

Speaking subjectively, I submit that it is the kind of show to which you should take your nice aunt—if she is a rather dull woman. More objectively, I note that George Rose, craftily and amusingly made up as a rakish medieval burgher, provides a pleasant moment in a semi-Calypso song and dance called "If She Has Never Loved Before," that the production is visually neat and that the entire company performs agreeably. But though I am still hung up on the theatre (with some difficulty in New York nowadays), I prefer Chaucer on the printed page.

I must also append a word on *Dear World* (Mark Hellinger Theatre) to pay tribute to Angela Lansbury, an actress who has humor, feminine grace, "class" and a talent for characterization with a down-to-earth heartiness. She sings, dances: a consummate trouper. As to the show itself—based on Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, one of the finest comedies written since 1945—I am tempted to exclaim with the perpetually ravished Candy, "Good grief!" Why don't the uncouth keep their hands off Countess Aurelia, that delightfully daft old lady?

Black Scare

The Racist Response to Emancipation and Reconstruction

Forrest G. Wood

This is an account of the first "white backlash" in American history. It describes the responses of white racists to emancipation and reconstruction: their misuse of "science" and the Bible; their libidinous fantasies; their fears of "Negro domination" and "mongrelism." Thus, this is a book about white men, not Negroes, and as a description of the origins and early applications of American racism it is highly relevant to the present.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

Watching *Martyrs of Love* by the young Czechoslovak, Jan Nemec (*Diamonds of the Night, An Account of the Party and the Guests*), it occurred to me that one reason for the extremism, hysteria and cunning presentation of much contemporary fiction is a generalized fear that human beings are inherently boring. Put a man out on a limb or into the wrong bed, give him a formidable tic or a surrealistic assignment, and he may provide a flicker of interest in the museum's hall of mammals. But man in his normal habitat, it seems to be thought, is a dull dog.

That it is not so, Mr. Nemec is on hand to testify. He offers in his current film three episodes, independent but related by theme and temper, in which three unimportant—in at least two of the cases, you might say ineffective—people daydream somewhat more adequate lives for themselves. A young clerk is not making it with the more swinging members of his age group; a housemaid finds that her Prince Charming is curiously delayed; an orphan, no longer quite young, is oppressed by the intuition that his very real charm does not win him any very real friends.

The dreams, and therefore the narratives move more by impulse than by logic. Yet they are in no sense mystifying, because the viewer is given a double orientation. In the first place, he will find in his own longings the substance, if not the furnishings, of these reveries; we would all eat the rich, obvious fruit if we could reach it. And in the second place, if his experience of the screen goes back any distance at all, the viewer will recognize that Nemec is speaking a simple and direct filmic language which has now been somewhat dated by metaphoric editing and camera exploitation. Nemec has himself said that a possible title for the picture would have been "A Tribute to the Cinematograph," and he has added that it is really a silent film with accompaniment. *Martyrs of Love* will not lead you astray—or let you down—if you keep your eyes on it and do not try to guess. The picture is about what it shows, not about something quite other which you are intended to supply from your guilty knowledge of the intolerable. One forgets how tangible the movies used to be—Douglas Fairbanks laughing from behind a saber, the rackety staircases of René Clair.

And the spirit that suffuses *Martyrs of Love* is nothing more unusual than an affection for men and women. You can say much the same of *War and Peace*—it is all a matter of what discrimination you bring to the love. I won't burden Nemec with allegations of genius, but his powers of savoring the human species, of being compassionate without turning sentimental, of being racy without turning rank, of laughing on the side of folly and recognizing that illusion is preferable to despair—his powers of thus participating in the available richness of mundane experience are sufficient for his needs as an artist. And sufficient to put us in his debt.

I switch from fantasy to *Me and My Brother*, which is reality disturbingly unreal. Peter Orlovsky, poet and companion of Allen Ginsberg, has a brother, Julius, who is mentally disturbed ("catatonic schizophrenia" seems to be the term; the effect is that he fails to respond). Julius has been for some time in an institution. The treatment there has not helped him, and Peter feels, with some justification, that he is too nice a man to be kept locked up. He joins the Ginsberg-Orlovsky floating family.

There is good logic to this: these poet-prophets are trying to fight their way out of the mortally complex present into an older communal simplicity, and simple societies have always coped with their own naturals. Indeed, they have often been disposed to revere their fools, and this picture, directed by Robert Frank (*Pull My Daisy*), but I suspect controlled by Ginsberg and Orlovsky, seems to be nudging all the while at the notion that Julius has found the truth we all seek. It won't wash; Ginsberg and company may be genuinely simple but they are not innocent and, being themselves possessed of excellent brains in good condition, they value them. They treat Julius with a rough, impatient affection that is no doubt a great deal better for him than institutional routine, but to pretend that they envy him his state is both unnecessary and unseemly.

I found that suggestion estranging, and I also found estranging Frank's highly mannered approach to the material. He seems as much interested in making all the stations of the cinematic *avant-garde* as in recording this engrossing situation. Thus, he offers enigmatic shifts between color and black and white, makes a film of the showing of the film (with audience reaction), features himself at work (he is young, handsome and almost excessively well-dressed), introduces scenes and personalities not evidently related to the matter at hand and looks dispassionately on deviant sexual activity. Further, he provides an actor to play Julius in scenes which Julius could presumably not manage (in such episodes he also supplies an actor for Peter), thus raising the question of how much acting the real Julius is being asked to do. I'm not objecting to acting, by Julius or anyone else in the film; only to the confusion between document and narrative. Is Julius *participating*—when and how much? It makes a difference.

Roscoe Lee Browne appears as a photographer. He is no doubt a friend of the company, and the underground cinema, from which this picture springs, casts largely from friendship. But Browne is also a professional actor of great force whom one immediately recognizes; his appearance—for no very important reason—breaks the verisimilitude with the question, "How did they get Browne to play a bit part?" One can understand the temptation to use him if he was around, and one can see why it should have been resisted.

Peter Orlovsky and Ginsberg project marvelously—naturally enough: after the Beatles, they are the most successful international entertainers of the day. Julius is touching, a little frightening. The whole situation is honorable; strange but somehow heartening. But you have to struggle against Frank's intrusive manipulation to keep the document in focus. Less art would have been a great deal more.

Then at the end, Julius does speak—they have put him on the far side of a window, speaking in the cold, the symbolism of that being as explicit as a blunt instrument. But he does express himself—haltingly but cogently, in a pleasant voice. What was everything that went before—some sort of game with sympathy? Frank's time indicators may be at fault here: the picture was made over many months and Julius may be coming back. That is a point which I wish they had made explicit.

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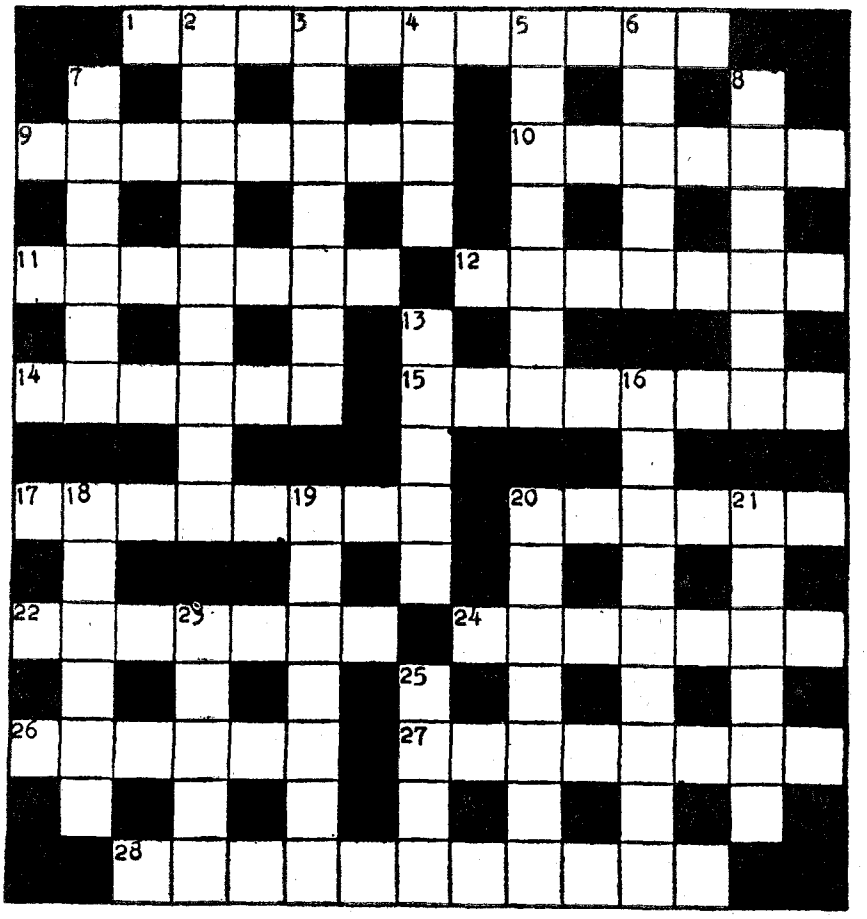

ACROSS

1 An old-time performer suggests what the more daring Go-Go Girls might be doing. (7,4)
9, 21 and 25 down Nursery rhyme report on the probable choice, if Middle East cuisine prevailed. (4,3,1,6,4)
10 See 2 down
11 Where one is almost certain to be dining out. (7)
12 What a raconteur might be doing is certainly effective! (7)
14 To us, the sort of stuff like coal should be of service. (6)
15 Do they demand a sound sense of humor from us? (8)
17 We have to listen and listen for such approval. (4,4)
20 Some of the things questioned in today's society are not the fabulous type. (6)
22 Let out, or let out again? (7)
24 Charges offensively? (7)
26 With proper balance, we don't have to 17 with it—once is enough! (6)
27 Is the fire laid rather poorly? Port might be associated with it. (8)
28 How to press directors into service? (Are they listed among induction coils?) (5,6)

DOWN

2 and 10 across Invitation to a court function? (6,3,6)
3 The probability of anything happening to a number in the church? (7)
4 Evidently the animals are without water. (4)
5 To a point, this bird is disagreeable. (7)
6 One of those short and simple things to the poor, according to Gray. (5)
7 Clothes are continually being picked up, even by those not naturally 4. (6)
8 One might have a circle at the track. (6)
13 Not altogether a role one plays. (5)
16 Make a 23, if bound to get around it, not like the brave. (9)
18 Time's were dark to Walt Whitman. (6)
19 What a sailor might do to a rope implies the holiday is over! (4,3)
20 Island with lots of layers? (7)
21 See 9 across
23 Conceivably a muff. (5)
25 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1285

ACROSS: 1 Boston terriers; 8 Ecclesiastic; 10 King snakes; 11 Ills; 13 No play; 14 Starts in; 16 Performs; 17 Tigris; 19 Icon; 20 Hard liquor; 22 Post position; 23 Counterbalance. DOWN: 1 Breaking points; 2 Second person; 3 Overshadow; 4 Trinal; 5 Rossetti; 6 Ibis; 7 Passing strange; 9 Class reunion; 12 Artificial; 15 Embattle; 18 Adsorb; 21 Coin.

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